

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,013

APRIL 27, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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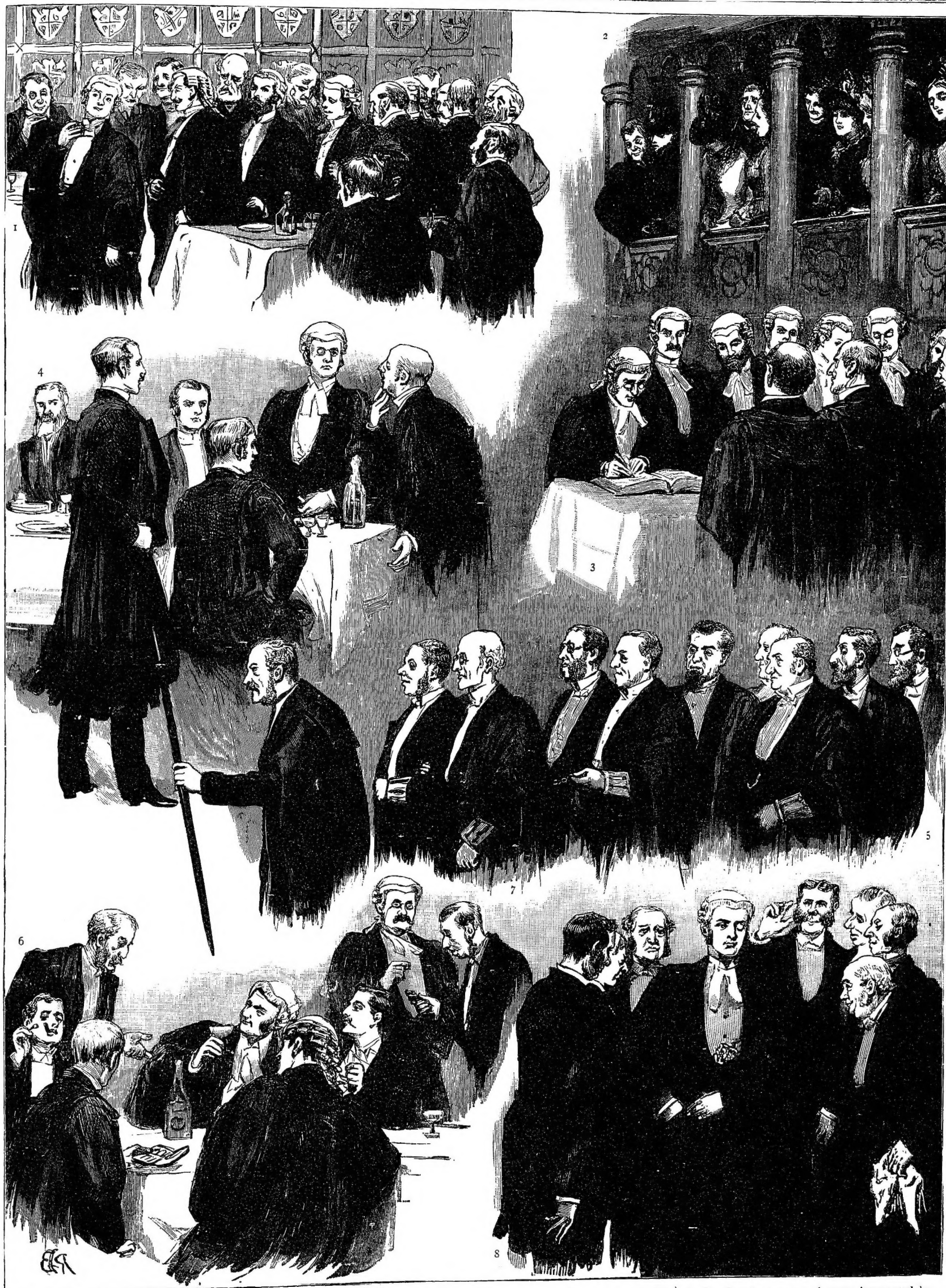
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



1. Procession of barristerial fledglings about to be "called" to the Bar
2. Friends and admirers in the gallery
3. "Called." A few words of congratulation and admonition from the Senior Benchers:—"Many are called but

- few are chosen," though you are all Lord Chancellors *in posse!*"
4. *Seniores Prioris*: "Sent down," with his party, to a "lower mess" by an unscrupulous Senior
5. Procession of Benchers up the Hall to dinner

6. After the Benchers have gone: A song, interrupted by the customary but vain protest that "Smoking ain't allowed in the 'All, gentlemen"
7. The inevitable and historical Snuff-Box
8. After the Ceremony: running the gauntlet of the waiters

"CALL NIGHT" IN THE TEMPLE

Topics of the Week

GENERAL BOULANGER IN ENGLAND.—Most Englishmen are rather sorry that General Boulanger has found it necessary to take refuge in this country. In former times we were proud of the idea that exiles of all kinds might at any time find shelter under the protection of our laws. Of late years we have begun to see the matter in a different light. At the time of the dynamite scare we did not at all like the fact that Fenians were at liberty to plot against us in America, and it then occurred to a good many of us that, perhaps, foreign Governments had some reason to complain of the freedom enjoyed by conspirators in England. It may be too much to expect that General Boulanger will lead a perfectly quiet life while he is amongst us. His chances of success depend upon his keeping himself well in sight, and we may be sure that he will continue to do what he can to attract the attention of his countrymen. We have, however, a right to ask that he will do nothing that could tend to create misunderstanding between France and England. It is not unlikely that during the next few months he will be a prominent figure in English society. He is undeniably an interesting visitor, since he has contrived to fascinate a vast number of Frenchmen, and may in the end succeed in attaining the object of his ambition. It is almost inevitable, therefore, that he should excite curiosity, and be received with a good deal of consideration. This ought not seriously to disturb the French Government, for it will have absolutely no political significance. No one in Great Britain has the slightest desire that General Boulanger should become the ruler of France. The Republic, so long as it commends itself to the judgment of French electors, will always have the good wishes of Englishmen.

LORD SALISBURY AT BRISTOL.—There was a happy time when Prime Ministers, except in Parliament, rarely opened their lips in public. But now the platform is rapidly superseding Westminster Palace as a means of direct popular communication. At all events, a Premier who sits in the House of Lords—especially such a combative speaker as Lord Salisbury—has some excuse for adopting the modern method, because, when facing his brother peers, he has a scanty and unenthusiastic audience, most of whom, too, are prepared to agree with every word he says. Whether the mass of the electors read carefully through these extra-Parliamentary utterances is, however, a questionable matter. Political speechifying is so abundant that it has become a weariness of the flesh; and most people, it may be presumed, are content with the summaries which appear in the leaders of the newspapers that reflect their own prejudices. For those who actually hear the speech and see the speaker, the effect is no doubt much greater; but then they, however numerous the audience may be, form but an infinitesimal portion of the public at large, who, after all, are the real jury whom the advocate desires to impress. Lord Salisbury made no less than five distinct speeches at Bristol, and naturally ranged over a variety of topics. Of these, Ireland was, of course, the most prominent. We venture to doubt whether Lord Salisbury is wise in insisting so strongly as he does on the inbred hostility of the Irish majority towards the Imperial system. If it be certain that under Home Rule the majority would at once proceed to trample on the minority, and would presently open their harbours for the reception of hostile foreign fleets, it is useless to adopt such mild palliatives as an extension of the Ashbourne Act and the introduction of a scheme of local government. Better at once to give up the present hybrid system, which is a mixture of autocracy and license, and rule Ireland as a Crown colony. Our own impression is that the Irish are much too shrewd to break away from the sister-island, which for ages to come is likely to remain her best—in fact, her only important—customer.

TRAMWAY TOILERS.—It may be pretty safely predicated as a rule that whenever the people employed in any particular industry show enduring signs of discontent there is some latent cause. Applying this test to tramways, the repeated occurrence of strikes, disturbances, and even serious riots in connection with their management augurs the existence of genuine grievances. The curious thing is that manifestations of this character should be common throughout that portion of the world which has reached the tramway stage of civilisation. At present Austria and the United States are in evidence, but there is scarcely a country in Europe which has not, at one time or another, heard indignant protests from tramway employes about the harsh manner in which they are treated. Too much work and too little pay: such is the invariable burden of their complaint. That they are doomed to long hours of toil seems as undeniable as that they often receive scanty recompense. But in neither respect does their lot compare unfavourably with that of the average cabman. He, however, enjoys a sense of independence; he does not live in ever-present fear of official espionage. He can, too, take his meals with some approach to comfort, whereas the tram-man must bolt his food during very brief intervals. But the greatest difference of all is of a moral rather than a physical nature. There is plenty of variety and not a little excitement in the

life of a cabman; his very profession, with its alternate swings of good and ill fortune, has something of the gambling element in it. But to the driver or conductor of a tramcar existence is a dreary monotony, only tempered by the chance of pilfering—a chance said to be not half so good as in the good old times. When, therefore, in addition to this drawback, the men have to make their account with sixteen hours of work out of every twenty-four, and receive low wages, it is not to be wondered at that the Socialist agitators of Vienna and Minneapolis find them as clay in the potter's hands.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—A good deal of amusement has been excited by the dispute between these statesmen, who, although very different in some respects, have several qualities in common. The Gladstonians, who detest Mr. Chamberlain, have ostentatiously sided with Lord Randolph; but the opposite view has been taken by many persons who do not commit themselves very vehemently to any political party. If Mr. Chamberlain advised Lord Randolph Churchill not to stand for the Central Division of Birmingham, he did no more than was done by Lord Hartington and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Why should he be blamed more than they? And why should any of them be blamed? Lord Randolph was not bound to refer the matter to their judgment; and, if he had pleased, he might have declined to abide by their decision. His refusal to become a candidate was his own doing, and it is preposterous to try to make any one else responsible for it. Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach offered advice in accordance with the facts of the situation. There seems to have been some kind of understanding between the local leaders of the Tory and Liberal Unionist parties, but it was always strictly conditional. Lord Randolph was to be invited to contest the seat only if the Tories and Liberal Unionists of the Division were unanimous in the wish to have him as their representative, and it is obvious that when the vacancy occurred no such unanimity existed. Mr. Chamberlain deserves much credit for the calm and dignified tone of his answer to Lord Randolph's arrogant letter; and no doubt the result will be that the conflicting claims of the two parties in Birmingham will be in some way reconciled. Whether the rival statesmen will ever be able to work cordially together is another question. Each of them, as the saying is, has an axe of his own to grind; and for some time they appear to have regarded each another with a good deal of mutual distrust.

THE OKLAHOMA RUSH.—The remarkable drama which is being enacted in this region vividly indicates that the domain of the Great Republic—as regards the existence of virgin soil—is being rapidly filled up. Within the memory of not very elderly men, the tract of land known as the Indian Territory, and set aside for the occupation of certain semi-civilised aboriginal tribes, was on the frontier of civilisation. Beyond it, to the westward, a few hunters excepted, there were only Indians and buffaloes. Latterly it has resembled a tumbler inverted in a basin of water. Directly the artificial pressure is withdrawn the surrounding fluid rushes in, and fills the vacant space. In no other civilised country save the United States would the occupation of a region like this be allowed to take place in such a happy-go-lucky fashion. It is true that a body of troops were sent to the spot to prevent the "boomers" from rushing in before the lawful moment arrived, but their presence has not prevented some bloodshed, and a vast amount of hardship and disappointment. To persons accustomed to European methods of action it would seem that the settlement might have been effected in a far more equitable and peaceable manner. Some may be surprised that such intense earth-hunger should exist in a country which, after all, is very thinly-peopled. But the Americans, especially in the south-west, are a restless people, ever ready to move on where there is the least prospect of pecuniary advantage; and we should judge, from the successful proselytism of certain Mormon missionaries, that the farmers of the States bordering on the Indian Territory, especially to the south, lead a hard and somewhat joyless existence.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN WALES.—So antagonistic are the opinions of the various Welsh pundits to whom the operation of the Sunday Closing Act was submitted, that the world is not much the wiser for their replies. The majority consider, it is true, that it has done good on the whole, but they admit, at the same time, that it works no little harm in its present shape. For one thing, it teaches the people to practise systematic evasion; for another, it leads to the Sunday supply of stimulants being purchased overnight; for another, it has brought into existence a large number of so-called "clubs," which are nothing more than drinking-dens free from police supervision. These are undoubtedly serious evils, but the evidence is pretty conclusive that there is less public drunkenness in the Principality than before the Act came into force. Whether there be less drinking is another question altogether. It may be that those who take home liquor on Saturday night booze just as much as they used to do, but escape notice owing to their potations taking place in private. To some sceptics it will wear a suspicious look that the majority of the publi-

cans are now in favour of the Act. They were not, if we recollect rightly, when it was before Parliament; and the inference is, therefore, that its operation makes very little difference in their receipts. The Welsh publican is not, we suppose, more virtuous than his brother in England, and we feel assured that the latter would strenuously object to any legislation which threatened to cut into his profits. But, if he discovered that his customers bought a double supply on Saturday, he would be glad enough to take holiday on Sunday, especially if drinking clubs enticed away his occasional patrons on that day.

NATIONAL INSURANCE.—In his interesting speech at Newcastle on Easter Monday, Mr. John Morley had a good deal to say about Canon Blackley's scheme for the establishment of a system of national insurance. The plan is that every one between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one shall be required to pay 1s. 3d. a week until the sum of 10l. has been reached. When 10l. has been paid, the person shall be entitled to 8s. per week sick pay, and 4s. per week when the age of seventy is reached. The scheme in this form is open to some objections. It is hard to see why the pension should begin to be paid only at the age of seventy, if before that time the power of work has been seriously diminished. It is true also, as Mr. Morley pointed out, that it is not every one who would find it easy to pay 10l. between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. These, however, are only details, and, if the principle were proved to be sound, there would not be much difficulty in adapting it to the needs of the community. It is not of much use to object on general grounds to the interference of the State in such matters. The State in our time undertakes so many duties, that the proposal to lay upon it a new obligation excites no very strong antagonism. There are certainly some good reasons why this particular proposal should receive very careful consideration. Mr. Morley mentioned that of persons who reach the age of sixty in England no fewer than 45 per cent. are, or have been, paupers. Would it not be infinitely better that every one should be made to provide for the future than that so vast a proportion of the population should be dependent on public charity? Mr. Morley seemed to fear that we might discourage thrift by letting people know that if they have paid up their 10l. they are "safe." But there would be thrift at least up to the limit of 10l.; and the mere fact that so much had been saved would be to many persons a stimulus to save more. Thrift, like "confidence in an aged breast," is a plant of slow growth; and it will be all the more likely to take root if a little pressure is brought to bear upon the individual for the general good.

EASTER VOLUNTEER OPERATIONS.—It should never be forgotten that the Volunteers are Volunteers. They give up a great deal of time, and endure no small amount of hardship, partly from a genuine sense of patriotism, and partly, it must be admitted, because they like playing at soldiers. The War Office cannot be expected to adopt this easy-going view of Volunteer responsibilities. The Department is accustomed to deal with Regulars, who, in return for so much a day and their uniforms, have bound themselves for a certain term of years to go wherever, and to do whatever, they are told. As they receive a capitation-grant, the Volunteers are, in military opinion, to a certain extent Regulars; and, therefore, when they take the field, their campaigning ought to have one aim, and one aim only, namely, to make them as efficient soldiers as possible. The mass of the Volunteers can scarcely be expected to take this stern view. They are mostly young fellows, chained for the greater part of the year to desk and counter, and they naturally regard the Easter operations as affording the chance of a jolly outing. The true philosopher, then, who desires to see the Volunteers an efficient force, but who is also aware that if the training is distasteful there will be a lessened number of recruits, will endeavour to hit on a safe middle path. By general consent, the aggregation of large unorganised forces, under temporary generals, though attractive to sight-seers, has been abandoned as of no practical utility; but it is possible to err in the opposite extreme, which is really more perilous, as it might cause the Volunteers to vanish altogether. In future, it ought to be practically recognised that the men come out for a holiday; and, though they will flinch from no amount of unavoidable hardship or fatigue, they do not relish spending their precious period of recreation in learning barrack routine and parade-ground drill. These accomplishments can be acquired at other and more suitable times. Neither, probably, do they appreciate spending four consecutive days in an isolated fort. Let the authorities in future bear in mind what Volunteers are, and lay down a programme which shall contain a judicious intermingling of instruction and amusement.

JAPAN AND ENGLAND.—The politics of Japan are naturally a sealed book to most English people. All they care to know is that since the overthrow of the ancient feudal system the little islanders have made astonishing progress in the methods of Western civilisation. Perhaps the entire history of the world does not record a more miraculous transformation than that which converted the Japanese from a policy of rigorous isolation to one of cosmopolitan camaraderie. Nor is there any reason to doubt that their

social status and economic condition have kept pace with their political advancement. Yet the great European Powers continue to treat Japan as a semi-barbaric State, where the administration of justice is supposed to be in too elementary a condition to admit of foreigners being tried by native Courts. That this was the case at one time, no educated Japanese denies. But they utterly repudiate the calumnious imputation that their judges could not now be trusted to hold the scales equally between their fellow-countrymen and Europeans. It is this standing stigma on the national character that both the Government and the people desire to get rid of. Priding themselves, with just cause, on their rapid adoption of Western manners and morals, fully aware of their own intelligence, and aspiring to the rank of a highly-civilised, powerful nation, the "English of the East," as they have been called, implore the English of the West to take the lead in treating Japan as an Independent State. It is a reasonable request, but the Foreign Office moves slowly in such matters. Having once acquired the idea of a barbaric Japan, the official mind cannot get rid of that notion merely because it no longer corresponds with the fact. Perhaps about the end of the present century it may dawn upon Downing Street that the Japanese have emerged from the bow-and-arrows stage of national existence.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The present First Commissioner of Works is a man of excellent taste and judgment, and he ought to give his colleagues in the Government no rest until proper provision has been made for the housing of the pictures in the National Portrait Gallery. Many of the pictures in this collection are of priceless value, and to every one of them a certain interest attaches. Surely it is not too much to ask that they shall be preserved and exhibited in a suitable building. They were removed from South Kensington because it was found that the sheds in which they were kept were exposed to the danger of fire. In Aethel Green, whither they were transferred several years ago, some of them have apparently been seriously injured by water, which is said to have streamed down the walls during the winter of 1886-87. It is too bad that a collection of portraits, the like of which no other nation possesses, should be thus shamefully dealt with. Millions sterling are annually wasted in public departments, yet our rulers try to make believe that the country is too poor to provide adequately for the security of such treasures as these. The Senior Trustee of the Gallery has communicated with the First Commissioner of Works about the matter; and the state of the pictures is being, or is about to be, carefully investigated. There is, however, no time to be lost, and the subject ought to be pressed on the attention of the Government until some definite action is taken. Mr. Plunket personally would no doubt be glad if it were possible for him to remedy the evil, and his good intentions should be supported and stimulated by public opinion.

THE NEW FOREST.—Mr. Auberon Herbert has taken up his pen in defence of this noble stretch of mediæval woodland, and, as he writes in a picturesque and attractive style, his observations (whether he is right or wrong in his contention) will command attention from all lovers of natural scenery. Not so very long ago, the Forest was very little known, except to residents in the neighbourhood, to sportsmen, and to insect-hunters; and it is undeniable that at that time it ran great risk of being rapidly spoilt as a pleasure-resort, because the authorities to whose keeping it was entrusted regarded it solely from a utilitarian point of view, as a place for growing timber. Fortunately, some artists discovered the singular picturesqueness of certain tracts in the Forest (we have heard a German artist, who had visited all the chief forests of the Continent, say that none of them possessed a spot of such arboreal perfection as the famous Mark Ash); an exhibition of pictures depicting its scenery was held in London; the public became interested; and finally Parliament resolved to preserve these magnificent old oaks and beeches in their pristine condition. But, according to a former statement of the Deputy-Surveyor, the non-intervention imposed by the Acts of Parliament has done harm rather than good. Even old trees need judicious forest-surgery, and, as this is practically forbidden, some thousands of acres are going to wreck and ruin. On the other hand, Mr. Herbert contends that the real mischief is done by the beggarly parsimony of the Government, who ruin the woods for the sake of getting a few shillings from furze and fern-cutters. No doubt the Deputy-Surveyor will answer Mr. Herbert, but meanwhile the public will all the more desire the establishment of a school of practical forestry, a department of science which is found in almost every continental country.

DUBLIN BARRACKS.—Mr. Field's inquiry into the sanitary condition of Dublin barracks has not gone far enough to lead to any safe conclusions. At present, all that can be safely affirmed is that the cause does not lie either with the nature of the subsoil or with the drainage and appliances. The subsoil appears to be quite as good as that on which most houses are built in towns, while the sanitary arrangements, although not ideally perfect in some details, would compare favourably with most. Indeed, bearing in mind that the structure is nearly two hundred years old, it is

rémarkable that Mr. Field did not detect much more serious imperfections. The two most likely generators of enteric fever having been thus weighed in the balance and found wanting, the official investigation will now be extended in other prescribed directions. These include ventilation, crowding of buildings, the water supply, the conditions of the floors, and the milk supply. The last-named may, we think, be dismissed, it being impossible to conceive that the milk purveyed to the soldiers has been contaminated for so many years. That, however, is quite possible in the case of the water supply, and it seems somewhat surprising that Mr. Field was not directed to examine this fertile cause of enteric fever in the first instance. The ventilation is also a matter of extreme importance, especially if the buildings are too closely packed. But whatever the origin of the disease may be, no troops should inhabit the barracks until it has been ascertained and remedied. And if it cannot be discovered, the only course will be to demolish the buildings, and build new ones, either on the same site or elsewhere. That would come cheaper in the long run than to waste lives costing the State some 200*l.* each.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY, IX.—THE THIRD BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS—A PRIVATE IN MARCHING ORDER," drawn from Life by Frank Dadd, R.I.

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"CALL-NIGHT" IN THE TEMPLE

THE professional education of aspirants to the dignity of the "long robe" culminates in the more or less mysterious ceremonies of what is known as "call-night," which is the fateful occasion on which the mere law-student emerges from the obscurity of his studentship into all the glory of a full-blown barrister-at-law. Our illustrations represent some of the more characteristic scenes and incidents attendant upon these proceedings as conducted in the Temple. Assuming that the embryo barrister has complied with the multifarious preliminary duties of his position as a student—that he has eaten the requisite number of "dinners in hall" during the twelve terms of his probationship, and has survived them; has successfully passed all his examinations, which is no light task; and has paid all his fees, dues, commons, &c., which is a heavier task still; and has satisfied the Benchers of his Inn of Court that he is in other respects a fit and proper person to be admitted to the honourable profession of barrister-at-law, which is, in some cases, the heaviest task of all—he presents himself before that august body as an applicant for admission to the Bar. This he must do on "call-night," arrayed in conventional evening dress and the full barristerial habiliments of wig, gown, and bands; and it is not until he has been actually paraded up the crowded dining-hall, in procession with his fellow-candidates, to the Benchers' *dais*, and there been called upon to subscribe his name to the scroll of the Inn, that he has any substantial guarantee that he really will be "called." Theoretically this is a privilege which may be denied him at the very last moment, and adds a certain intensity of dramatic interest to the bewigged file of men as they pass in solemn review before the critical eyes of their future compeers. It is one of the many inscrutable prerogatives of the "Bench," however, which is rarely exercised; and so, after a few congratulatory and admonitory words in season from the senior Benchers present—who rarely fails to deliver himself of the ominous reminder that "your legal studies have only commenced, gentlemen," leavened, perhaps, with a more encouraging reference to certain woollack possibilities in the distant future—"dinner in hall;" and, amid the applause of his friends and admirers in the gallery, who are temporarily admitted to see him finally launched on his precarious career, he becomes a duly qualified competitor for briefs.

On such auspicious and momentous occasions as this it is customary for those just "called" to select particular mess-tables in the hall whereto to regale with extra wine and viands such of their legal friends and associates as they have invited to their respective "call-parties," and some little unpleasantness not infrequently arises in consequence of an indiscreet selection. If the mess chosen is not one of those strictly relegated to the use of the more junior members of the Inn, a senior barrister in search of a seat has a right (and sometimes very selfishly and unceremoniously exercises it) of ousting his freshly-constituted "learned friend" from his position, and "sending him down," with all his guests an *l* wine to a less dignified seat. This seeming rudeness is upheld and defended on the ground that barristerial recruits display an ever-increasing forgetfulness of the principle of *seniores priores*, which is always of paramount importance at the Bar. It is not, however, until grace has been said, and the Benchers have withdrawn, that the various "call-parties" become specially attractive. The buzz of conversation then waxes louder and more hilarious, and anon gives place to a general outburst of oratory over the innumerable toasts inseparably associated with such festive proceedings. Nor is the uncontrolled enthusiasm with which these are received, probably from a dozen different messes simultaneously, one whit marred by the excited visage of the "Head Porter" as he bustles about through the accumulating wreaths of aromatic tobacco-smoke, with his customary vain but vigorous protest against the incredible lawlessness which has, by this time, prompted the universal lighting-up of cigars and cigarettes, contrary to all recognised regulations of Temple etiquette. The unwritten law, however, which proscribed smoking has now happily been abrogated by the irresistible radical tendency of an age which no longer regards the time-honoured snuff-box as a sufficiently satisfactory stimulant for forensic requirements. Then, as speech followed speech, so, at a subsequent stage, song follows song, possibly varied with an accompanying hornpipe or "breakdown," until the boisterous nature of the revelry has fairly exhausted everybody, and a gradual retreat to the seclusion of "chambers" is made through the ranks of a formidable array of long-suffering but expectant waiters, who are certainly deserving participants in the last of the many disbursements made for the privilege of being "Called to the Bar."

OUR COLONIAL DEFENCES

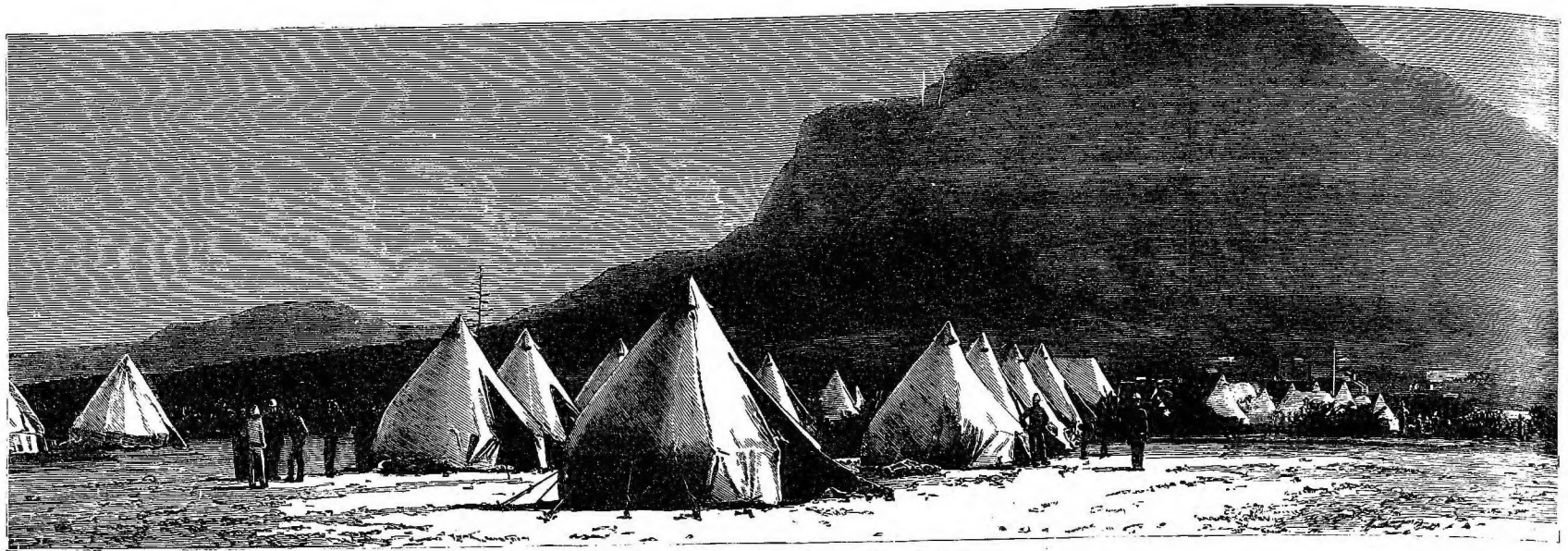
WITH THE CAPE TOWN VOLUNTEERS

THE Volunteer defences of our various possessions, colonies, and dependencies are fast increasing in number and importance, and are certainly becoming valuable aids which can be reckoned upon in time of need. Last week we illustrated a review by the Duke of Connaught of the Bombay Artillery, and now depict the camp of the Cape Town Volunteer Engineers (in conjunction with that of two companies of the Royal Scots, shown beyond), and a bridge which had been thrown over the Black River by the Volunteer Engineers. This was effected during the Easter Manœuvres last year, and formed part of the operations of the defending force on the grand field-day—being intended as a means of retreat should the invaders prove successful.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. J. Hamilton Walker, Lieutenant and Adjutant Cape Town Volunteer Engineers. The other officers who took part in the operations were Major Le Vicomte de Montmort, commanding, Captains De Villiers, Harper, and Penfold (late R.N.), Lieutenants Lewis, Stevenson, Attridge, and Kinsley. The corps is composed of three companies. Nos. 1 and 2 are field companies, and No. 3, which has just been raised, is a torpedo company.

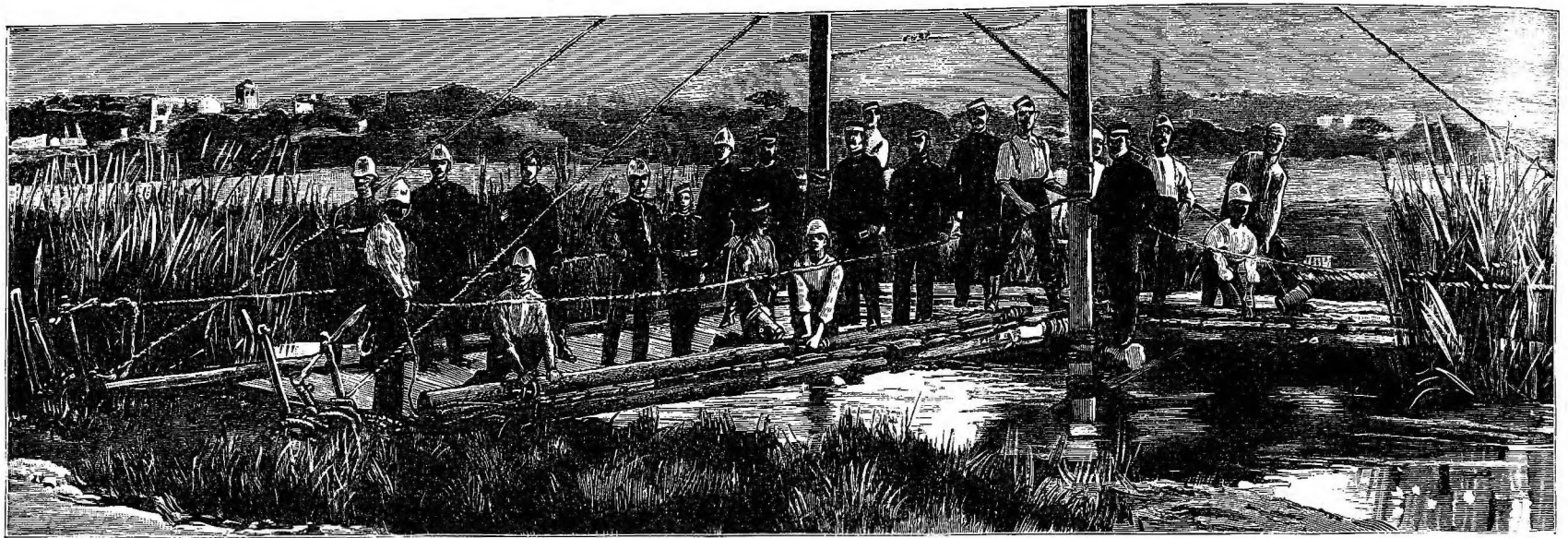
PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE VICTORIAN CADETS

THE Cadets form a by no means insignificant item of the potential military strength of the Colony of Victoria, for most of the schools have a corps, and altogether they are about 3,000 strong. There are about 500 senior Cadets armed with the Martini-Henry rifle, while the rest have a Francotti of .230 bore with bayonets to match. The Cadets are mostly the sons of well-to-do people, and great interest is taken in them. The military force of the colony now amounts to about 8,000 on the active list. This estimate does not include 2,500 of the junior Cadets. There is a permanent Artillery Corps, Militia, Mounted Rifles, Rifle Volunteers, Field Artillery, Cavalry, Nordenfett Battery, Engineers, and Ambulance.

Towards the end of last summer, that is to say, one day in February, the Metropolitan Cadets paraded at Albert Park, Melbourne, to receive the Colours worked for the force by Lady Loch (wife of the Governor) and her daughters, which Colours are held this year by the Scotch College. About 640 Cadets paraded, and there were present a number of persons of distinction, besides Sir Henry and Lady Loch. After an official inspection the Cadets were formed up



CAMP OF THE CAPETOWN VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS

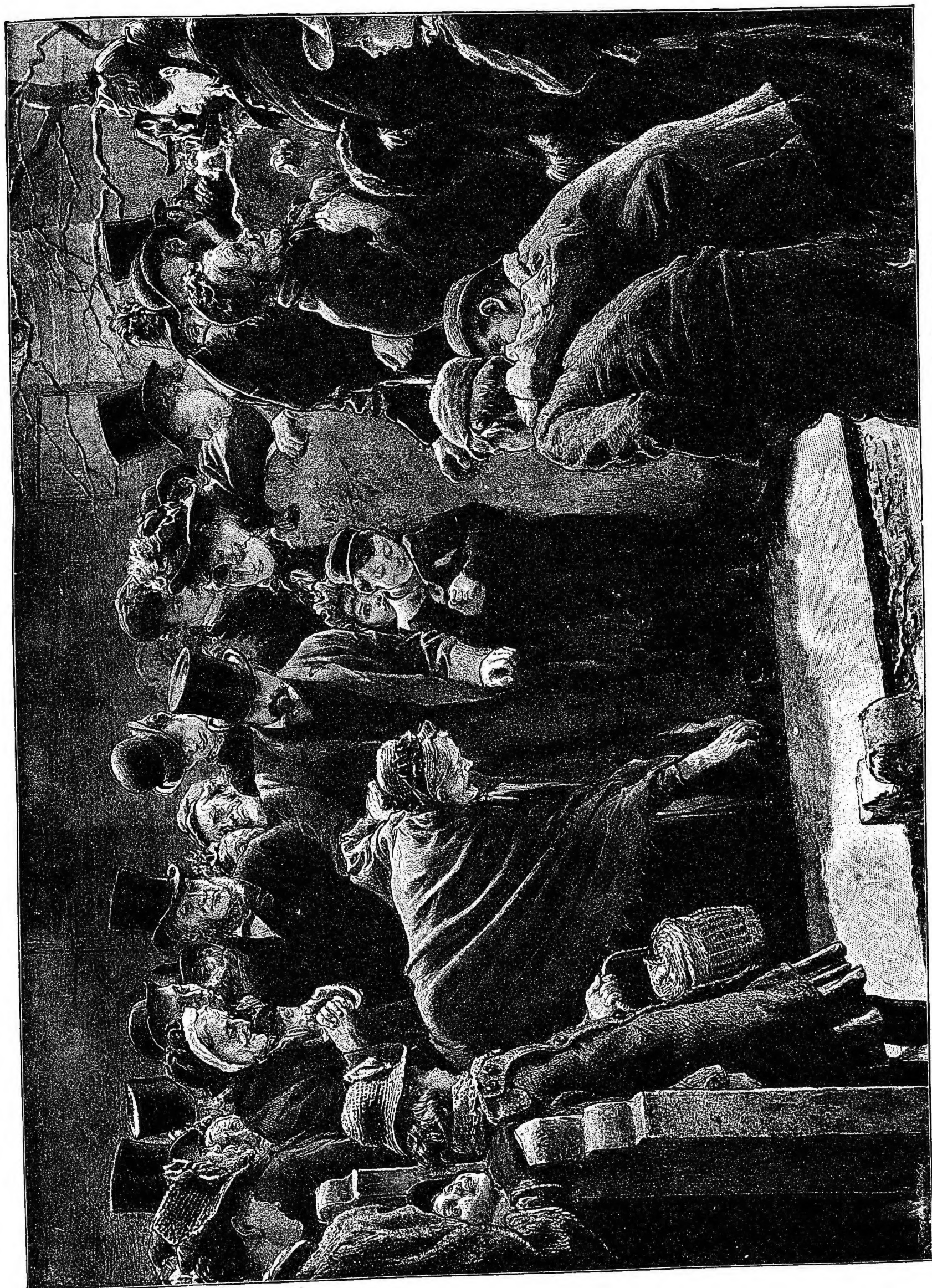


BRIDGE ACROSS THE BLACK RIVER, NEAR ROYAL OBSERVATORY, ERECTED BY THE CAPETOWN VOLUNTEER ENGINEERS
EASTER MONDAY VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES AT CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA



LADY LOCH PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO VOLUNTEER CADETS AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

OUR COLONIAL DEFENCES



AN ANCIENT GOOD FRIDAY CUSTOM AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S (RAHIERE'S PRIORY CHURCH), WEST SMITHFIELD
 TWENTY-ONE OF THE OLDEST WIDOWS OF THE PARISH PICK UP NEW SIXPENNY PIECES FROM A TOMB IN THE CHURCHYARD

in a hollow square, with a drumhead in the centre, and then Lady Loch handed over the Colours to the senior officers of the Scotch College Corps, Lieuts. Ramsay and McVean. The Governor followed with a brief address, after which the ceremony of saluting the Colours was performed.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. G. R. Ashton, Age Office, Melbourne.



HALT NEAR BLACKWATER

CYCLISTS IN BATTLE

THE battle of Hartford Bridge Flats, fought on Monday, was most notable for the presence of the cyclists who aided the Berkshire Battalion, which had no cavalry; and as the cyclists and Yeomanry

But still the cyclists are really a rather sensational body. Lieutenant Rucker of the 26th Middlesex, who is always distinguishing himself, attempted, virtually single-handed, to capture a whole company of Yeomanry, and came near being lanced through one of these gentry, dropping his weapon in sheer astonishment. If this valiant lieutenant is not killed in actual warfare, he will doubtless return some day with more medals than he can carry. I regret that I did not see this remarkable display of bravery; I only heard of it.

Another notable incident on Monday was the defeat of a whole column of Yeomanry by one member of the London Scottish, concealed behind a hedge, who used his revolver very cleverly, giving



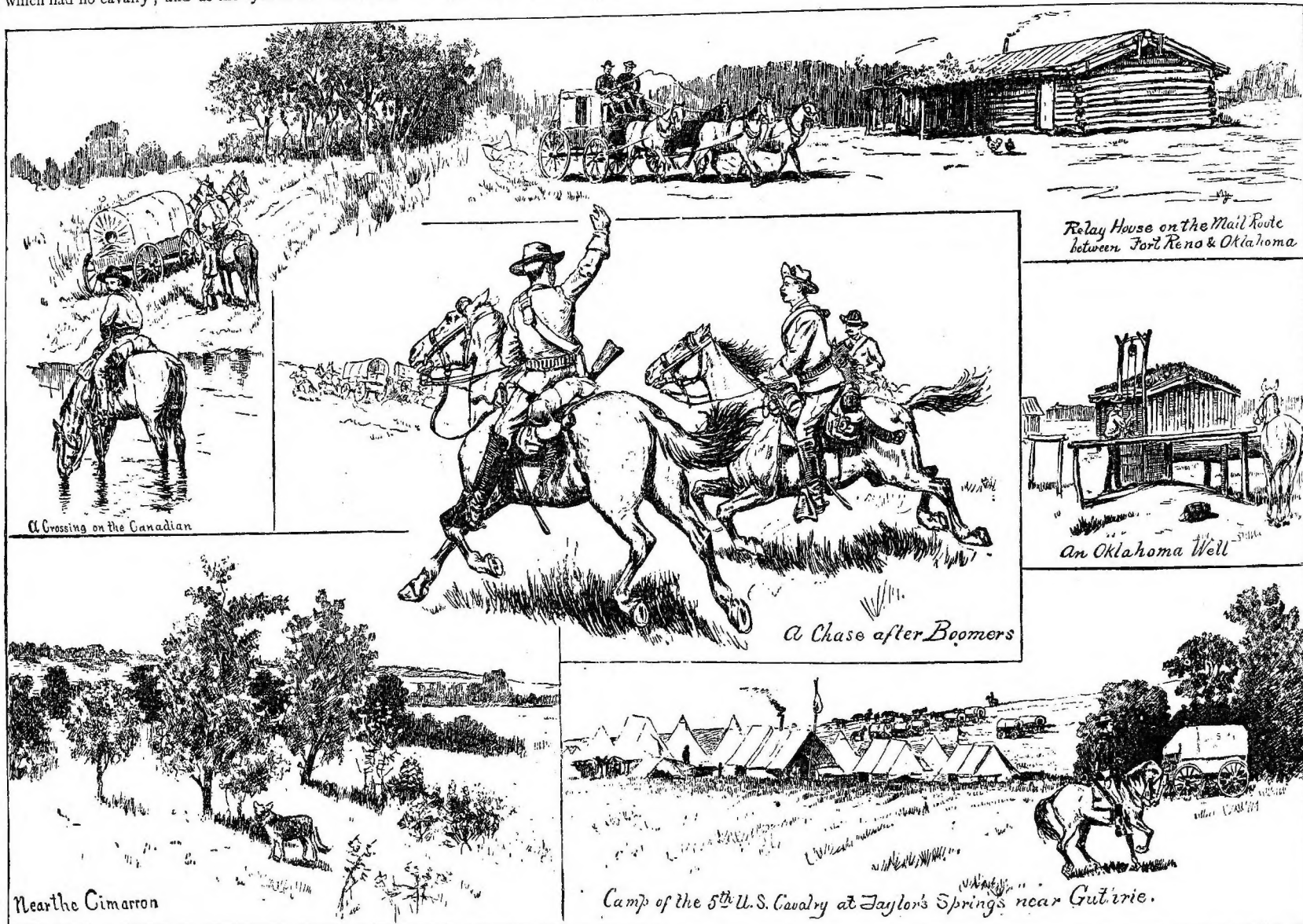
CYCLISTS ACTING AS INFANTRY

them the idea that he was a whole regiment, that is, judging from the speed with which they retreated down the lane.

The most interesting operation this year was the dismounting of the cyclists and their employment as infantry. While employed in

THE RUSH FOR THE OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

FOR many years past the land-grabbers in the United States have cast longing eyes at that district called the Indian Territory between Kansas and Texas which was reserved by the United States Government for the use of the original Redskin owners of the soil, and much trouble has been experienced in ejecting "boomers" or settlers who have illegally tried to form settlements in the coveted territory. Lately, as the Indians have so largely decreased in number, the Government decided to throw open a large portion of about 1,887,800 acres known as Oklahoma, and situated on the eastern side. It was accordingly announced that the land would become the property of the first occupiers at noon last Monday. The land, as we described last week, is exceedingly fertile, and, being virgin soil, will for a year or so yield enormous returns for the most primitive tillage. Consequently, people flocked from all the surrounding States to take up their positions on the frontier ready for the rush. Trains of waggons miles long wended their way to the border until fully 50,000 people—quite 40,000 more than the land would accommodate—were assembled. A strong body of troops prevented the "boomers" from making any premature rush, and the commander, General Merritt, wisely ordered the soldiers to take possession of all their guns and pistols, so as far as possible to prevent bloodshed. On Sunday night many attempts—some successful—were made to elude the vigilance of the troops, and the scene when the appointed hour of noon arrived was wildly exciting. An uninhabited region was turned in an instant into a country teeming with people. Men rode hard on the fleetest horses they could obtain, followed by all conceivable varieties of vehicles loaded with household goods, women, and children. By nightfall 10,000 settlers had secured possession of all the desirable land, and in a few hours large towns literally sprung into existence. It is said that 100,000 persons composed the invading army, the greater portion of which will have to retire disappointed. Several affrays occurred, and some little bloodshed; but, on the whole, better order prevailed than could possibly have been expected under the circumstances.



Relay House on the Mail Route between Fort Reno & Oklahoma

An Oklahoma Well

A Chase after Boomers

Camp of the 5th U.S. Cavalry at Taylor's Springs near Guthrie.

A Crossing on the Canadian

Near the Cimarron

THE RUSH FOR THE OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

on the opposing sides were about equal in number, the event was of considerable importance. The cyclists worked much more efficiently this year than on previous occasions, being really drilled and able to ride. But then the roads and weather were as much in their favour as they were against them last year. Owing to the wind

this way they scaled great Hampshire earth hedges, which really afforded natural breastworks, leaving their machines behind them. But after they had gone about a mile, it suddenly seemed to occur to them that their machines were their private, and not Government property; and that the Yeomanry might execute a flank movement, and either capture them, virtually undefended as they were, or run off with them. Consequently, after a very brief council of war and a few shots at a small body of the enemy in sight, a retrograde movement was made in remarkably quick time, considering all the fences and walls that had to be got over. What effect the use of cyclists has already had on the War Office, I am unable to say. But this year, as I have said, the men are certainly better drilled, and ride better, and they are also more sensibly uniformed, the riding of the Bristol Engineers being most notable, though they seemed to find no use whatever for their ponderous sapper, a portion of which, at least, they again brought along with them. The Maxim Gun, however, did not appear on Monday.

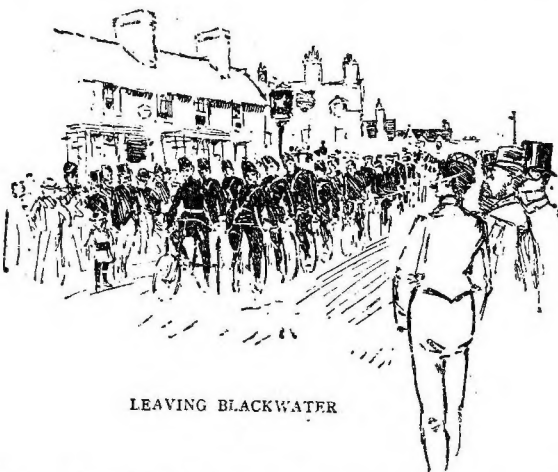
The uniforms of the 3rd Hampshire, really the Southsea Tricycle Club, were not only serviceable, but the colour looked well, and was adapted to military purposes, being undistinguishable at a very short distance. Taken altogether, the manoeuvres made an extremely pleasant outing, apparently thoroughly enjoyed. Saturday and Sunday were spent mainly in practising a new drill and in skirmishing operations. There was no attempt to perform any great feats of endurance or riding, it being now generally admitted that cyclists can cover a much greater amount of ground in a day than infantry, or even cavalry. The only striking incident was the strategy of the ever-ingenious Lieutenant Rucker, who concealed himself, Private Langridge, and their two machines in a hay cart, and passed through the enemy's lines undetected. This showed a far greater want of attention and knowledge of their duties on the part of the enemy than of brilliancy on that of Lieutenant Rucker.

AN ENGLISH GOOD FRIDAY CUSTOM

Two ancient City customs were duly observed on Good Friday. The first was at St. Bartholomew (Rahere's Priory Church), West Smithfield. Here, at half-past eleven o'clock, twenty-one of the oldest widows of the parish picked up a new sixpence from an old tomb in the churchyard. The observance has existed for over 400 years. There are no funds left for the purpose, and up to this year the churchwardens have provided the means. Now, however, Mr. J. W. Butterworth, of Fleet Street, has sunk funds, so that this charity may be continued to the end of time. The second was at Allhallows, Lombard Street. Here, at the conclusion of Divine Service, sixty of the youngest boys connected with the Bluecoat School were presented with a bag of raisins and a new penny. Peter Symonds, by his will, in the year 1665, directed that "60 of ye youngest boys of Christ's Hospital should attend Divine Service on young Good Friday morning at Allhallows Church, each to receive a new Good Friday morning at Allhallows Church, in the year 1692, penny and a bag of raisins." William Petts, in the year 1692, added to the bequest as follows: "That ye minister who preaches ye sermon before ye boys on Goode Friday morning shall receive 20s., ye clerke 4s., and ye sexton 3s. 6d."—Our engraving represents the first of these two ceremonies, and the foregoing particulars are taken from the City Press.

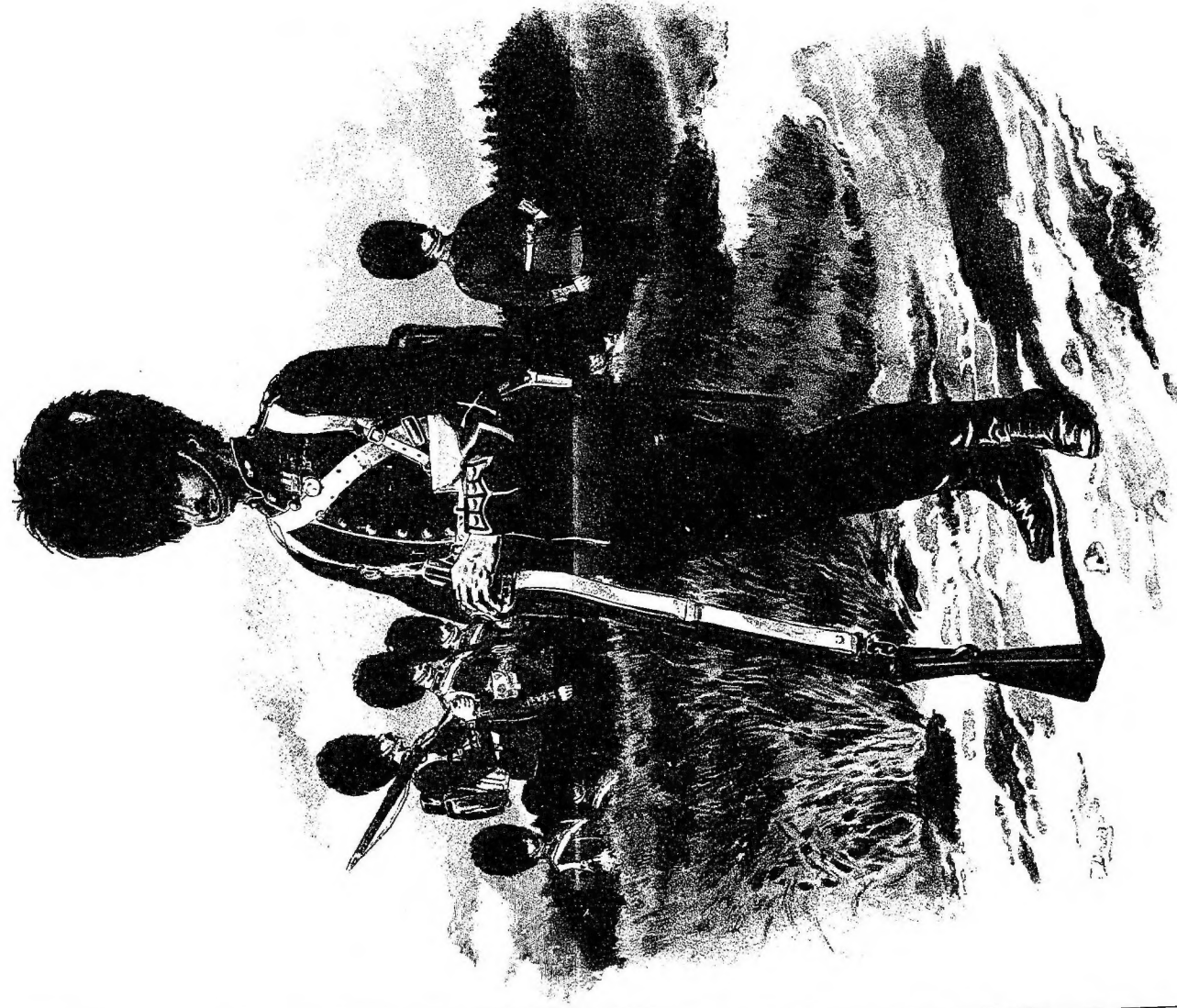
TEA AT SANDRINGHAM

"THE shooting-party over," writes our artist, "you are just in the mood, after a change of garments, to enjoy the comforts of the sitting-room, where the ladies gather round the tea-table. It is presided over by the Princess herself, who is as youthful in aspect as her own daughters, and has that smile on her lips which accounts for so much popularity. Not that anybody really sits down to tea, but takes his cup and settles wherever he or she pleases, perhaps



LEAVING BLACKWATER

being generally with them, and the tasks set not nearly so severe, they were able to do much more creditable work, though the results were not so sensational.



Listening to a few rambling notes on the piano, or admiring the little green parrot on top of his cage giving three very emphatic and loyal cheers for the Queen."

THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION TO BRITISH NEW GUINEA

IN consequence of the murder, last November, of Captain Ansell, the maltreatment of his crew, and the plundering and burning of his vessel in the newly-organised colony of British New Guinea, within a day's sail of the British station at Samarai, H.M.S. *Rapid* was ordered to the spot to punish the culprits. On her arrival, the whole neighbourhood was found to be deserted, and the Administrator thereupon organised an expedition to pursue the malefactors. This force consisted of Dr. Macgregor, C.M.G., and a number of British New Guinea, Lieutenant F.S. Baden-Powell, A.D.C. to the Governor of Queensland, Mr. A. B. Hely, Magistrate for Eastern New Guinea, and other officials, with a number of interpreters and guides, and about 160 Papuan allies. These tribes of Polynesian type, are of good height, with long thin legs and straight feet, curly hair frizzled into a mop, thick lips, and large mouth. The party achieved their arduous task with much gallantry and endurance. Forty villages had to be visited and ransacked before even the first of the five murderers was captured. Our men were compelled to march many miles a-day over stubborn country, almost without food or clothing, sleeping on the bare ground, and subject to attacks of fever. When near the coast, however, they were able to obtain more varied food, and one of our illustrations shows a successful foraging party coming down to the coast. The treachery of the natives was the chief danger. At Huhuna, where another skulch was taken, the party was welcomed by a host of savages, unarmed, and professing warm friendship, but who, nevertheless, soon seized weapons and made a deadly assault on the British force. Amongst the attacking natives was one known to have been present at the murder of Captain Ansell. This man was seized by Mr. English and Mr. Thompson, as the sketch shows, while an interpreter and Lieutenant Baden-Powell kept the enemy at bay until reinforcements arrived. The poor Papuan ally represented dying in the British camp came in with a spear through his jugular vein. The Expedition has now returned safe and sound, and its success will serve to show that, though in bygone days many a white trader has fallen a victim to the treachery of the hostile cannibals of Papua, while his murderers have escaped punishment, now that a considerable portion of the island has become a recognised colony of Great Britain, with a responsible Governor, the natives will no longer be permitted to carry on their nefarious practices.—Our illustrations are from sketches out of the journal of Lieutenant Baden-Powell.

HOISTING A HUNDRED-AND-ELEVEN TON GUN INTO H.M.S. "VICTORIA"

THE two 111-ton breech-loading guns, which are to form the principal armament of H.M.S. *Victoria*, the future new flagship in the Mediterranean, having arrived at Chatham from Elswick, the first of them was hoisted into her turret on March 27th, by the new hydraulic crane lately erected in the Dockyard. Though a bitterly cold wind was blowing, a considerable number of persons were present to see the monster cannon put in its place. The gun lay on some baulks of timber alongside the ship, beneath the crane, and though it was intended to hoist it in the forenoon, what with the adjustment of the huge shackles, and the dockyard interval for dinner, it was not till past three in the afternoon that the huge mass of iron, forty-three feet in length, began slowly to rise, inch by inch, and it was four o'clock before the muzzle was depressed into the opening in the roof of the turret. When in the required position, the breech was still further elevated by the small hydraulic by which it was suspended, and the muzzle, kept true by means of guys on either side, manned by the dockyard hands, was gradually allowed to slide forward out of the oval port. The breech was then lowered, and the gun laid gently on its bed in the turret.

COMMISSIONAIRES AT SYDNEY

See page 245

ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT SOUTHSEA

THESE sketches deal with a comic incident which occurred during the recent practice of the City of London Artillery Volunteers at Lumps Fort. A live shell, the property of the Government, and representing a good sum in hard cash, was accidentally allowed to fall into the moat. The Commanding-Officer declared that it must be got out. Hands were linked, and a line of men steadied themselves down the steep sides of the moat, only to break at the critical moment, when several fell headlong into the water. Discipline was strained to its utmost when three attempts had resulted in failure; but, eventually, the shell was fished out.

TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY, IX.

See page 451

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. B. Brewnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 449.

PACKING ORANGES IN SPAIN

"THE sketch from which this picture was taken," writes Mrs. E. Buckman, "was taken near the railway station of a village on the line between Cordova and Malaga. Owing to the difficulties of transport, the oranges are not packed in the gardens, but are brought from the groves in most primitive waggons drawn by oxen. The fruit is deposited in huge heaps, and around these sit little groups of men and women—the latter predominating—and remove the stalks and leaves. They reject any which are undersized and unsound, and drop the rest into shallow baskets, which are carried to the women-packers, who, as shown in the engraving, sit in parties of four round the boxes, and with infinite quickness and dexterity wrap each orange in paper, or in the husks of Indian corn, and then place them one by one in the box. When one box is filled, the women pick up their little seats and take their place at another. Meanwhile, they are followed by men who nail the lids down, brand the box with the merchant's name, and cord them for extra security. The boxes are then sent by train to the nearest seaport—in this instance to Malaga, where, during the season, from November to February, piles of them may be seen on the quay awaiting shipment to England. Feminine nature is much the same all the world over. The sketch was taken on a bright sunny morning late in November, but the wind coming over the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada imparted a chilliness to the air, so that when we began sketching the women wore kerchiefs of more or less brilliant colours wrapped round their heads. One by one, however, these disappeared, and surreptitious toilet arrangements were made, until at last the scene—several of the girls being young and pretty—became picturesque and attractive in every sense."

MR. BOOTH'S BOOK ON "EAST LONDON."—With reference to our Topic Note on this subject last week, Mr. Charles Booth points out that we were in error when we said that out of a population of 900,000 he estimated one-third to be loafers, criminals, and casual toilers, who turn their hands to evil on slight provocation. "This," writes Mr. Booth, "would indeed be, as you remark, dangerous as well as depressing; but I do not say anything of the kind. The number of people to be so described I count at 11,000—not 300,000—at one-eighth, not one-third, of the population. There are about 100,000 in great poverty; but the very large class of independent poor must be included to make up 300,000."



POLITICAL.—Lord Salisbury had a hard day's work cut out for him on Easter Tuesday at Bristol, when and where he made no fewer than five speeches, the lengthiest of which were delivered at a Primrose League Demonstration and a great evening gathering of Unionists. At the former he spoke feelingly and forcibly of the existence of an Opposition bent on making the execution of the law impossible in Ireland. "No Opposition," the Premier said, "has ever before stood up in favour of embezzlement and fraud." Touching on the question which has arisen recently at Birmingham, he spoke with approval of the admitted principle that each section of the Unionist party had a claim, on the occurrence of vacancies, to seats previously in its possession, but added, that such a claim should not be insisted on when it contravenes the much higher principle that the candidate most likely to win ought to be selected. At the evening meeting, the Premier dwelt on the obvious necessity of strengthening our National Defences, and then pointed out the absurdity of giving executive and legislative independence to Ireland, a considerable proportion of the population of which is hostile to England, and the Government of which, if it was practically independent, might, in the event of war, place the splendid harbours which lie opposite to us at the disposal of a foreign fleet. —On Wednesday Mr. Chamberlain presided at the annual Conference of the National Liberal Union at Birmingham, and spoke hopefully of the Unionist party. In proof of the success in Ireland of what was stigmatised as "Balfourism," he quoted statistics which showed that the cases of boycotting had fallen from 4,556 in August, 1887, to 712 in December, 1888.—In a reply to Mr. Chamberlain's letter of last week on the Central Birmingham Election, Lord Randolph Churchill expressed a belief in the existence of an agreement of recent date that, in the event of a vacancy in the representation of that Division, the seat was to be contested by a Conservative candidate who should be fully supported by the Liberal Unionists.—In a temperate rejoinder, dealing more with the future than the past, Mr. Chamberlain recommends that steps should be taken to ascertain the respective numbers of the Liberal and Conservative sections of the Unionist party in the Division, with a view to their concerted action at Parliamentary and municipal elections.—The Attorney-General, addressing a meeting of his Constituents at Newport in defence of his conduct as counsel for the *Times*, was received with great enthusiasm after the adoption, by acclamation, of a strongly-worded resolution expressive of confidence in, and respect and esteem for him.—At a social gathering in Newcastle, in connection with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Mr. John Morley declared himself strongly opposed to a legislative enactment restricting the hours of labour to eight per diem.—A majority of the Edinburgh Town Council having resolved to confer the freedom of the City on Mr. Parnell, at a public meeting of the citizens, crowded to overflowing, resolutions couched in language of strong protest against the proposal were adopted unanimously.

GENERAL BOULANGER arrived at Charing Cross Station on Wednesday afternoon. A considerable crowd had assembled to view him, and some of his countrymen greeted him with the cry of "Vive Boulanger!"

THE VOLUNTEERS.—The manoeuvres of our citizen-force this Easter have had more of military reality than in any previous year. They cheerfully accepted the programme of the War Office, and have in separate bodies been largely engaged in brigade-drill, so that the brigadiers appointed under the new scheme of home defence have been made practically acquainted with their battalions. Eastbourne, where between 6,000 and 7,000 men had assembled, and Portsmouth, where the number seems to have been somewhat larger, furnished the chief arenas for the operations of the Volunteers, though at Dover, Brighton, and other places a good deal of useful work was performed.

IRELAND.—Falcarragh, on the scene of the Olphert evictions, has been visited by a motley contingent of sympathisers with the tenants, consisting of Irish M.P.'s, visitors from Manchester, and Oxford undergraduates. One of the last, Mr. Harrison, of Balliol, was charged with aiding and abetting resistance to eviction, and, having refused the offer of liberation on bail, was committed to prison, but, thinking better of it, he has since availed himself of it. Mr. Conybeare, M.P., has been made a co-defendant with him.—Among several appeals heard at Clonmel Sessions, on Wednesday, was that of Mr. Condon, M.P., against a sentence of two months' imprisonment with hard labour for conspiring to induce certain cattle-dealers not to purchase cattle from a boycotted farmer. The sentence was confirmed.

THE NATIONAL UNION OF ELEMENTARY TEACHERS has been holding at Birmingham its twentieth annual conference. In his inaugural address the President-elect, Mr. R. T. Wild, expressed his regret that, while in their report the force of the evidence given by teachers against payment by results was recognised, the Royal Commission on Education had not recommended the complete abolition of the system.—At a public meeting on Tuesday Mr. Chamberlain advised the members of the Conference to bring their practical experience to bear on an effort to find a substitute for that system, it being absolutely necessary that Parliament should have some security for the proper expenditure of its large grants in aid of public elementary education.

THE HOSPITALITIES OF THE MANSION HOUSE are not generally suggestive of total abstinence. When, however, the scholars of Christ's Hospital visited it on Tuesday to receive from the Lord Mayor their usual Easter gifts, those below the rank of junior Grecians received a new sixpence each, in addition to the customary shilling, in lieu of the glass of wine of former years, for which on this occasion lemonade was substituted.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Sir John Walrond, Bart., at one time a colleague of Lord Palmerston in the representation of Tiverton; in his eighty-ninth year of Sir Alan E. Bellingham, Bart.; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. William T. Mitford, Bart.; in 1857 to 1874 Conservative M.P. for the now disfranchised borough of Midhurst; in his eighty-third year, of Sir Joseph Behrens, a native of Germany, but for half-a-century a prominent Bradford merchant, knighted in 1882 for his public services in connection with the negotiation of commercial treaties; in his fifty-third year, of Colonel C. H. Brown, commanding Twenty-third Regimental District; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. Warren de la Rue (formerly head of the well-known firm of Thomas de la Rue and Co.), the versatile scientist, who was specially distinguished by his successful application of photography to recording celestial phenomena, and had filled among other offices the Presidency of the Astronomical Society, of the Chemical Society, and of the London Institution, and was a valuable contributor to scientific periodicals; in his seventy-fifth year, of Dr. George Smeaton, Professor of Exegetical Theology in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, the biographer of the late Mr. Thomson, of Banbury; of the Rev. J. H. Thompson, Vicar of Cradley, a member of the General Council of the British Association, and a zealous botanist; of Professor Ormsby, who, after being tutor to the Duke of Norfolk, joined the Church of Rome, and accompanied Cardinal Newman to Dublin as Professor of Latin in the

Roman Catholic University, of which Dr. Newman was Rector; and of Mr. Frederick G. A. Williams, barrister, for more than a quarter of a century on the law-reporting staff of the *Times*, one of the authorised reporters for the Chancery Division of the High Court, and editor of "Seton on Decrees."



ENGINE-DRIVERS ON SOUTH AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS who run their trains for two years without accident receive a present of 10*l*.

A BRITISH "SALON DES RÉFUSÉS" will be opened early in June at Olympia, containing pictures rejected from the Royal Academy.

ANOTHER LUNG FOR LONDON.—Notting Hill is to have a public recreation ground, formed out of over four acres of land known as the Pottery Lane Fields.

LIGHTNING IN ENGLAND AND WALES does less injury to the south and west coasts than to any other part of the country. The chances of disaster increase with the distance from coast and high lands. According to a report just presented to the Meteorological Society five hundred and forty-six persons were killed by lightning during the twenty-nine years from 1852 to 1880—four hundred and forty-two males, and one hundred and four females.

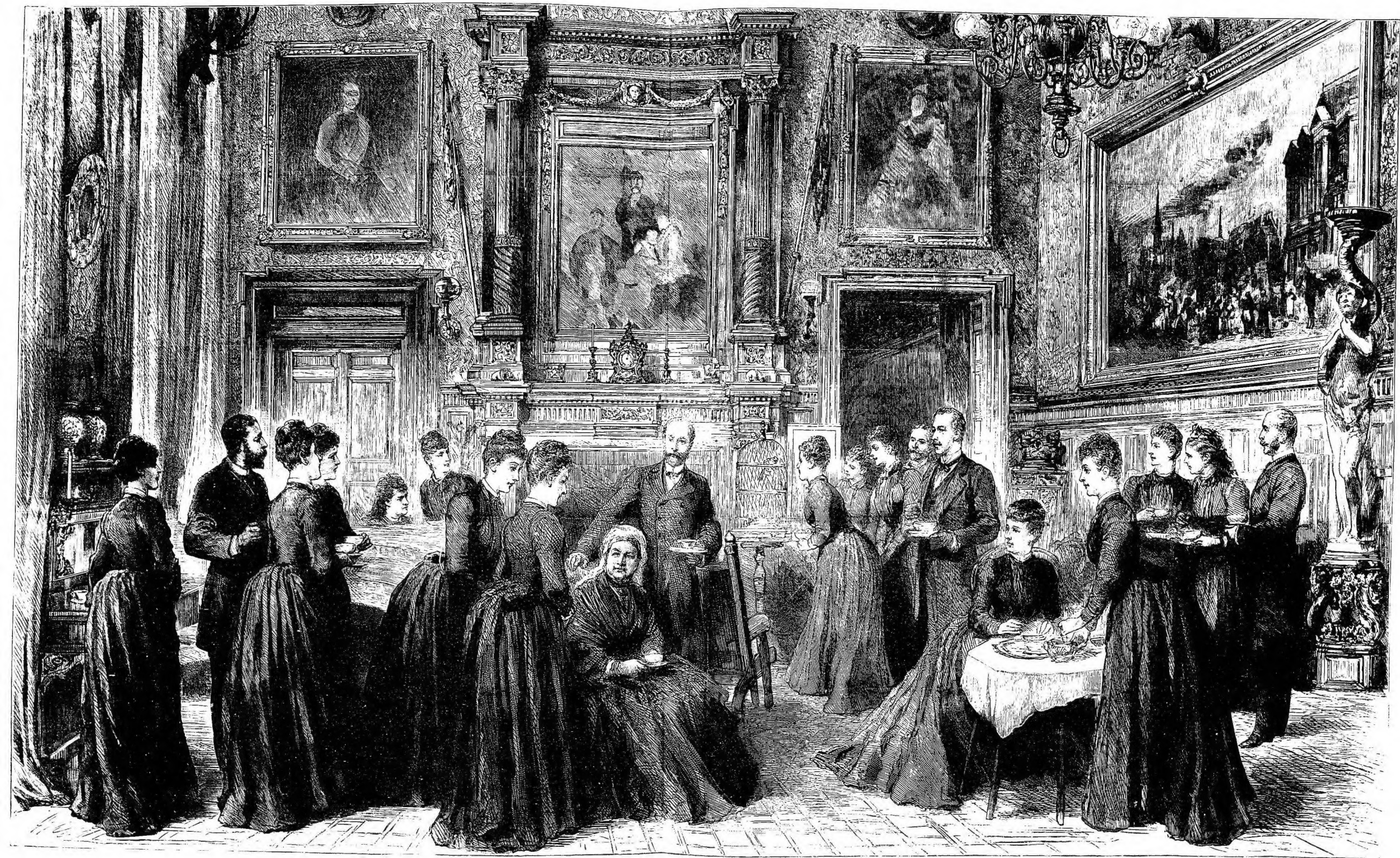
A DEAD MAN has been brought to life in Tennessee, U.S.A., if we are to believe the *Albany Sunday Press*. A negro was hanged at Lebanon, but, as the rope slipped, he merely lost his senses, without being strangled. After hanging for twenty minutes the man was pronounced dead by the surgeons, and handed over to his relations, who, by strenuous exertion, managed to resuscitate the supposed corpse. The negro's neck was badly skinned and swollen, but he was soon well enough to escape from the town lest he should be hanged afresh.

FRANCE IN 1789 AND 1889 is curiously contrasted in some figures recently given to the French Statistical Society. A century ago land was worth 20*l*. per hectare (2½ acres) against 68*l*. at the present day; the population of the whole country has grown from 27,000,000 to 38,000,000; while Paris contained 600,000 inhabitants at the end of the century, and at the last census (in 1886) counted 2,310,000. Then the journey from Paris to Marseilles took thirteen days in the diligence, now it can be covered in fifteen hours by express train; then a letter cost 2½*d*. from Paris to Versailles, and 7½*d*. to Marseilles. Cab fares were cheaper a hundred years since, and a good place at the theatre only cost a franc, but bread was three times as dear as now.

THE OLD ROMAN WALL OF LONDON, laid bare by the excavations for the new Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, becomes daily more interesting to antiquarians as further portions are uncovered. From the better view now obtained it is evident that the Romans dug down about 4 ft. into the London clay, filled up the trench for 2 ft. with a mixture of clay and flints, surmounted this structure with 2 ft. of the hardest concrete, and then laid the tiles in sets of three courses, each separated by 2 ft. of stonework. Apparently the wall was 9 ft. 6 in. high. Now a bastion has been found at the north-west corner of the ground, exactly coinciding with that marked on the map of Strype's edition of Stow in 1756, but seemingly of later work than Roman times—probably mediæval. Many pits have also been found filled with animals' bones, which may either have been used for the rubbish of the City, or for the refuse of the slaughter-houses in the butchers' colony which, from Saxon times, existed close by in Moorgate Street, &c. When the site of the French Protestant Church is excavated, it is expected that a complete section of the wall and the ancient town ditch may be discovered.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S INTENDED NEW HOME in the Avenue Louise, Brussels, was formerly a girls' school. Though very plain externally, the house is fairly commodious, containing nineteen rooms, and two wings built out into the garden. The stables are at the end of the garden, and would have to be enlarged, as they can only accommodate three horses, and the General wishes for eight. The entrance of the house leads into a spacious white marble vestibule, whence two drawing-rooms open out in the front and a large dining-room at the back, which General Boulanger intends to make his study and private reception-room. The dining-room will therefore be on the floor above, reached by a handsome white marble staircase. The house is being rapidly put in order, and the furniture (worth about 4,000*l*.) is coming from Paris. If the General is ultimately allowed to return to Belgium, as he hopes, and to inhabit the house, he will be about thirty doors from another exile, Prince Victor Napoleon; while Mr. Rochefort will be only a few houses distant, having taken a furnished residence in the same avenue. Another devoted Frenchman, M. Naquet, contents himself with furnished apartments in the Rue de la Régence.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—From present appearances, the Exhibition promises to be in a very unfinished condition by the opening day, May 6th. Probably it will not be in any degree complete before June. Electrical experiments made at the summit of the Eiffel Tower have proved that the structure is an admirable lightning-conductor, and will not be in the least affected by the most violent storm. The Tower is to be bronzed all over to contrast with the prevailing tone of the Exhibition buildings—light yellow. A French contemporary relates that some English tourists, who were allowed to ascend the Tower last week, tore off a large piece of the flag floating at the top as a *souvenir* of their climb. Some magnificent trees will be shown in the Forestry section. One giant fir from Hungary measures 20 feet in diameter at the base, while a fir from the forest of La Toux, in the Jura, 150 feet high, and whose trunk cannot be spanned by six men with outstretched arms, is too big to travel by rail, and is being brought to Paris on a specially constructed waggon, drawn by twelve oxen. Great preparations are being made for the Royal guests expected—the Shah of Persia, the King of Greece, and the sons of the Khédive. No State Palace being available, they will be lodged in a building belonging to the Bank of France, and formerly occupied by the Venezuelan President, General Guzman-Blanco. The hotel is close to the Arc de Triomphe, and will be sumptuously fitted up with hangings, furniture, &c., from the State collections. Fêtes will be given, and a review held in the Shah's honour. Contrary to the practice in former Exhibitions, none of the wares exhibited are to be sold, except curios from the East and foreign tobaccos. This restriction is due to the pressure of the Paris shopkeepers, who found that the Exhibition sales damaged their trade on previous occasions. As at the 1878 Exhibition entrance will be by tickets previously purchased, and not by payment at the doors. Tickets may be had in all post-offices and tobacco-shops, and at most hotels and *cafés*, libraries and newspaper kiosks. The admission charges will be—on week-days, two francs from 8 A.M. to 10 A.M. for students, one franc from 10 to 6 P.M., and two francs from 6 A.M. to 11 P.M., when the Art Galleries will be shut. On Sundays one franc will cover the entrance from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. Fifty-four Javanese natives, including ten feminine singers and dancers, have arrived to people the "Kampang," or the Javanese village, on the Invalides Esplanade.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM
AFTERNOON TEA IN THE HALL



THE flitting of General Boulanger from Brussels to London has been the chief topic of interest. The meeting of the Boulangist party last week, the continued agitation of the General and his partisans, the informal complaints of the French Minister on the subject, proved too much for the equanimity of the Belgian Cabinet. It was foreseen that, if this state of things continued, serious difficulties with the French Government would ensue, and so the General was asked very politely "whether it was his intention to leave Brussels." General Boulanger at once took the hint, at once replied that it was, asked for a few days' grace to make his preparations, and on Wednesday morning started for London by special steamer and train, travelling by way of Ostend. He was accompanied by Count Dillon, M.M. Rochefort, Turquet, and Naquet, together with his suite and numerous Paris journalists. As he has not been formally expelled from Brussels, he is at liberty to revisit that city from time to time, and this he declares is his intention to do, and he is accordingly keeping on his house there. His political gatherings, however, for the future, are to be held in England, his headquarters being at the Hotel Bristol, Burlington Gardens.

IN FRANCE his departure from Brussels is generally viewed with satisfaction, as the Belgian capital is in direct telephonic communication with Paris, and, moreover, is within a five-and-a-half hours' railway journey, and with no Channel passage to be taken into consideration. The Boulangist organs, however, treat the change very lightly, and declare that all that the Opportunists will have gained by their "dirty trick" of procuring the General's virtual expulsion will be a delay of two hours in the despatches between the Boulangists in Paris and their chieftain. Meanwhile the Senatorial High Court of Justice Committee has been looking into the evidence against the General, various witnesses have been examined, and amongst them a mysterious veiled lady who came with a young man in a corporal's uniform, and who appeared to be deeply affected. There has been little else stirring in political circles, and the Parisians have been enjoying their Easter holidays, holding mild revels at the *foire aux pain d'épice*, and preparing for the opening of their Exhibition, which from all accounts seems still, as far as the exhibits are concerned, to be in a somewhat chaotic condition. The programme of the opening on May 5th is now published. The ceremony will be performed by President Carnot, at 2 P.M., and in the evening there are to be grand illuminations and fireworks.

An official Foreign Office circular has been addressed to French Diplomats abroad, announcing that on May 5th the President will proceed in state to Versailles to celebrate the meeting of the States General which subsequently became the Constituent Assembly. After reminding them that, on the 5th of May, 1789, our fathers went to proclaim the sovereignty of the people, and to affirm the principles which restored to the country the government of its own "destinies," and that to the principles of 1789 lie the chief merit of the progress made by Humanity during the present century, M. Spuller requests that the various Diplomatic agents will gather together all Frenchmen under their charge on that date, "in order to draw their minds towards their mother country, now in full possession of herself under the aegis of the Republic, and to celebrate in communion of feeling with it the memorable recollections of one hundred years ago." All the provincial mayors also have been requested to celebrate the event with appropriate rejoicings. The Paris theatres are busily preparing for the coming guests, and three important novelties have been tried this week—a three-act *ferie*, *Riquet à la Houppe*, at the Folies Dramatiques; a five-act comedy, *Mensonges*, at the Vaudeville; and *Lena*, a Gallic version of *As in a Looking Glass*, at the Variétés, in the last act of which Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who played the heroine, scored a great success.

IN AUSTRIA there have been serious disturbances at Vienna, owing to the strike of tramcar conductors and drivers, who complain that they are hardly treated, having to work sixteen hours a day for about 3s. 6d., and that they are frequently punished for unpunctuality arising from accidents beyond their control by being made to work on their weekly day of rest. As tramcars are extensively used in Vienna, the inconvenience caused by the strike to the public in the Easter holidays was immense. While the Company attempted to run the cars with new men, the Socialistic and unruly element which exists in all great cities took advantage of the strike to instigate the populace, whose sympathies are mainly on the side of the strikers, to create disturbances. Threatening demonstrations against the Company were made, tram-lines pulled up, and stones thrown at the cars and those endeavouring to work them. On Monday the soldiery were called out, and dispersed the crowd, who, however, saluted the troops with showers of stones, and next day the riots assumed a still more threatening aspect, and a large force of both infantry and cavalry were employed in keeping order. No fire-arms were used on either side, the cavalry charging, and using the flats of their sabres, but in the evening the mob tried to burn a gun-factory, and the troops fired a volley, wounding several of the rioters. On Wednesday the Company took back some of the drivers, and the city was comparatively quiet. In some quarters there has been a tendency to get up an anti-Semitic demonstration on the pretext that some of the Directors are Jews, and, as there has been a strong crusade against the Jews of late, the populace are not unwilling to accept the suggestion. The Jews, however, are beginning to retaliate, and one of their organs recently suggested that Christian employes and tradespeople should be boycotted, with such success that the Viennese shop-keepers complain that certain Jewish families, who were formerly their best customers, now spend their money outside the country.

IN EASTERN EUROPE, Serbia still remains the chief element of uneasiness. The King is credited with beginning to regret his abdication, and to be doing his utmost to prevent the return of the Archbishop Michael. He has persuaded the Metropolitan Theodosius, not to resign, as he apprehends that, should Archbishop Michael be reinstated, he would annul the ex-King's divorce from Queen Nathalie. The latter has not yet apparently decided to return, and it is said that M. Ristitch has sent a private messenger to Yalta, urging her not to do so, at least for some months. On the other hand, the Radicals, who control the Cabinet, consider it desirable that the Queen should come back, if only to superintend the education of the young King, who they consider is surrounded at present by unconstitutional influences. King Alexander has this week been visiting Shabatz, where he has been enthusiastically received, and blessed by the Archbishop on his arrival. He is to be crowned at the Monastery of Lissa on July 2nd, the anniversary of his father's proclamation as Prince of Serbia in 1868. In ROMANIA, the King's birthday has been commemorated in a more enthusiastic manner than usual at Bucharest. The new Premier, M. Catargi, is believed to be trying to obtain the rejection by the Senate of the Fortifications Bill, which, while providing for merely nominal defences on the Austrian frontier, would furnish the strongest possible defences on the Russian frontier, and prove a very serious obstacle to any advance southwards of the Russians, should the latter attempt such a movement against Rumanian wishes. In BULGARIA Prince Ferdinand has given a grand Easter reception, at which he made a speech declaring that it was with a lawful feeling

of pride that, "notwithstanding the vicissitudes of European politics and the evil prognostications of the enemies of Bulgaria, he beheld that noble country permitted to celebrate the glorious feast of the Resurrection amid profound peace." M. Stambouloff replied, eulogising the Prince, and stating that since his advent Bulgaria "has been brought back to life, peace and tranquillity have been restored, and every one looks with confidence to a happy future."

IN BURMA General Wolseley is advancing with his expedition against the Paikhan Kachyens, who have now been joined by numbers of disbanded Chinese soldiers. On the 19th inst. his southern column, under Captain Smith, R.A., attacked and carried the Paikhan village of Rathan. Captain Smith and four men were wounded slightly, and one Ghoorka mortally.—Thobeitkan, a large village on the Irrawaddy between Bhamo and Mandalay, has been attacked and looted by dacoits.—Major Raikes is still negotiating with the Chins, but no settlement has been as yet effected.

The details of the marriage of the Emperor of CHINA on February 25th show that the ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence. The procession deputed to escort the bride started from the Palace in the afternoon, and was headed by mounted heralds and a large cavalcade of horsemen headed by the two Imperial Commissioners appointed to accompany the bride. Then followed nine pairs of white ponies with yellow trappings, next two large satin sedan-chairs with eight bearers, a huge crowd of bannermen in large red flowered robes carrying lanterns with the character "felicity" painted on them, halberdiers with large, round, yellow silk fans or screens and two closed silk umbrellas, and, lastly, the phoenix chair in yellow satin for the bride carried by sixteen bearers, and escorted by horsemen. At two o'clock the following morning the procession returned to the Palace, carrying the bride and the two inferior wives. The streets, in which no spectators were allowed to be present, were lighted with fixed lamps, and the bearers carried lanterns. There was no music. The Empress is said to be twenty-four years of age, the Emperor being eighteen, and the two inferior wives being twelve and fourteen. On March 4th, the Empress-Dowager officially handed over the reins of power to the Emperor, who is now in full possession of his Imperial power. An enormous number of distinctions and rewards have been distributed broadcast to all classes of officials downwards from Prince Chun, the Prime Minister, upon whom has been bestowed a scabbard of yellow peach-tree bark, with leave to wear that material in future for his scabbards, and Li Hung Chang, who gets a purple bridle. Sir Robert Hart, the Director of Customs, is especially singled out for distinction, "a title of honour of the first class and first rank being conferred upon his ancestors for three generations."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The missing Danish steamer *Danmark*, it appears, broke her shaft on the 4th inst., when about 800 miles from Newfoundland. Fortunately she fell in with the British steamer *Missouri*, who took her in tow. On the 6th, however, the *Danmark* appeared to be sinking, and the captain of the *Missouri*, throwing over part of his cargo, took on board the 800 passengers and crew—some of whom were subsequently landed at the Azores, and the remainder taken to Philadelphia.—In EGYPT the Dervishes having occupied Mersa Helaib after a sharp encounter with the garrison, the British gunboat *Starling* with two Egyptian cruisers and 500 Soudanese soldiers under Colonel Holled Smith have gone there, to clear out the invaders.—In RUSSIA it is stated that another Nihilist plot has been discovered, and extraordinary precautions are being taken to ensure the Czar's safety.



THE QUEEN has visited Norfolk this week for the first time for nearly eighteen years. Her Majesty remained over Easter at Windsor, where the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne joined the Royal party on Saturday, followed by the Dean of Westminster and the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple, who dined with the Queen. Both on Good Friday and Easter Day Her Majesty, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and their husbands, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Deans of Windsor and Westminster respectively preached and celebrated the Holy Communion. On Monday, though the Queen was in residence at Windsor, the State apartments were opened to excursionists to view the Jubilee presents. Next day Her Majesty left Windsor for Sandringham, accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice staying behind at the Castle in consequence of her approaching *accouchement*. The Queen received a most hearty greeting on reaching King's Lynn, where the Prince of Wales met Her Majesty mother, and the Mayor and chief officials presented an address of welcome. After a stay of four minutes the train proceeded to Wolverton, where the Queen was welcomed at the station by the Princess of Wales and her daughters. The Royal party then drove to Sandringham, the Prince of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, riding on either side of the carriage. The road to Sandringham was gaily decorated with Venetian masts, triumphal arches, banners, and large numbers of people, including all the Prince of Wales's tenantry and labourers on the estate, lined the route. The children of the schools, in which the Princess takes a deep interest, were stationed in the grounds, and the members of the West Norfolk Hunt, under the guidance of Mr. Fountaine, M.F.H., led the procession and passed in review before the windows of the house on the Queen's arrival. In the evening the Queen dined with the Prince and Princess and family. During Her Majesty's stay at Sandringham the Queen visited the most interesting sights of the neighbourhood, taking long drives, while last night (Friday) the Prince of Wales arranged a theatrical performance in the Queen's honour, when Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Irving would play in *The Bells* and the trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice*. Her Majesty returns to Windsor to-day (Saturday).—The Drawing-Room, postponed through the death of the Duchess of Cambridge, is fixed for Friday, May 3rd, and two others will also be held during the same month. Subsequently the Queen goes to Balmoral, probably in time to spend her birthday, which this year will be officially kept on the succeeding day, Saturday, May 25th.—Her Majesty sent a primrose wreath to be placed on the grave of Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden on Primrose Day. The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained the Danish Princess at Sandringham for Easter. The Royal party, both on Good Friday and Easter Sunday, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. F. Hervey officiated. They return to town next week, and on May 7th the Prince will hold a Levée at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is still suffering from fever, reached Gibraltar on Sunday in the *Alexandra* on his way home from relinquishing the command of the Mediterranean Squadron.—The Crown Prince and Prince Christian of Denmark visited the Lyceum on Tuesday evening.—Emperor William of Germany, who will visit England the last week of July, and who will be escorted by a squadron of German vessels, may subsequently take a trip to Norway and the North Cape.—The King of Holland is said to be much better, and hopes are even held out of his recovery.—The Crown Princess of Sweden and Norway has given birth to another son.—The death is announced of Princess Eugénie, sister of the King of Sweden, at the age of fifty-nine.



"DORIS."—*Dorothy*, as far as the Lyric Theatre is concerned, is no more, and it was last Saturday succeeded by a comedy-opera from the pens of the same librettist and composer, entitled *Doris*. The new work, like the old, is based upon an old English subject, the period now being the first few weeks of the reign of Elizabeth. Almost all the plot is contained in the first act. Here we see bands of citizens and 'prentices practising at archery and singletick before the arrival of the Princess, who, on her journey from Hatfield to the dismantled Carthusian monastery where Henry VIII. stacked his tents and other paraphernalia of pageant (the place was afterwards known as the Charterhouse), is about to ride over Highgate Hill. The new Queen is, indeed, expected in every act, but throughout the opera she is never seen. The brawlers having been cleared away by Alderman Shelton and his muscular spouse, we are introduced to the principal characters—to wit, Martin, the Alderman's apprentice, who is in love with the Alderman's daughter Doris, and to Sir Philip Carey, who, like the bird of the song, is, for some totally inexplicable reason, hiding in a hollow beech-tree. Martin is jealous of the soldier, but is re-assured when he learns that Sir Philip is really engaged to be married to the Lady Anne Jerningham. He therefore resolves to help him, and compels the comic man to change clothes with the knight, thus deluding the hue and cry. In the second act, which takes place in Old Cheap, the self-same incidents are practically repeated, except that the change of clothes now occurs between Martin (who is seized by the guard) and the knight, who clambers over the roof and again escapes. Here the opera practically ends, for the last act is utterly bewildering, and the story is never finished.

The music suffers from the uninteresting character of several of the solos. But, on the other hand, the orchestration is refined, and is far more finished than in *Dorothy*, and in the concerted pieces, particularly those in the second act, Mr. Cellier shows true musicianship. The scenery and the stage show are admirable, and the chorus is distinctly superior to that of similar entertainments. But, on the other hand, the ladies of the company have yet to invest with life parts which at present are almost colourless; the comic actors have still to invent fun; Mr. Ben Davies' best tenor song has to be sung at an earlier period of the evening than half-an-hour before midnight; and Mr. Coffin (as on the first night of *Dorothy*) has yet to be provided with some interpolated song worthy of his powers. *Doris*, however, shows promise, and when, a few weeks hence, the comedians have invented their "gags," and both librettist and composer have made the necessary alterations and "cuts," *Doris* promises to be an agreeable and even an interesting work.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace Concerts came to an end last Saturday, with the annual benefit of Mr. August Manns. The chief item of the programme was a symphony by Mr. Frederic Cliffe, a native of Bradford, and some thirteen years ago scholar at the National Training School for Music, where he was a pupil of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and Sir John Stainer. The symphony is in regular form, but the first movement is more remarkable for its workmanship than its ideas, while the scherzo, despite its ecclesiastical trio, is very little better. It is not, indeed, until we come to the third section, a "Ballade" which takes the place of the ordinary slow movement, that we find the young composer at his best. Here a definite story is developed; the lovers' talk being followed by a lovers' quarrel, and afterwards by a beautiful episode between the cor Anglais and the horn, which is intended to stand for a veritable love-duet. The various themes are afterwards worked out and developed in masterly fashion. In the *finale* the love-duet and scraps of the scherzo are again utilised with excellent effect, and a remarkably fine *coda* concludes a work which shows a totally unexpected ability in the present, and infinite promise for the future. The composer was twice enthusiastically called to the platform at the end of the work.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The usual Good Friday concerts were given, the *Messiah* being performed at the Albert Hall before 8,500 people, at the People's Palace before 3,500, and at the Mile End Assembly Hall before 5,000; or, in other words, in the presence of a total audience of about 17,000 persons. This, together with the 8,000 and odd people at the Alexandra Palace, the 23,000 at the Crystal Palace, and the audiences at the two St. James's Halls and elsewhere—making up a total of audiences of nearly 60,000 people listening to various sacred concerts in one city on a single day—is not altogether discreditable to our "unmusical nation." Details of the concerts are unnecessary, except that at Mile End the teetotal advocates appear to have collected an extremely good choir, who, in the course of Easter, also gave performances of *St. Paul*, *Eljah*, and Handel's *Belsazzar*.—At St. James's Hall Rossini's *Siabot Mater* was performed; and the usual sacred concert was given at the Crystal Palace, where the audience joined in the singing of several well-known hymns.—Among other recent concerts are also to be noticed the orchestral performance given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, in which Mr. G. R. Betjemann, as pianist, and Mr. Gerald Walenn, as violinist, especially distinguished themselves.—Mr. Frederick Lamond, at his second recital, introduced his Pianoforte Trio in B minor, Op. 2, and his new Sonata in D for piano and violoncello. Both works show promise; but they are rather diffuse, and would be all the better for revision.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Messrs. Harris and Rosa have joined forces, thereby guaranteeing non-intervention in each other's business in regard to Italian, English, and "light" opera, whether in town or country.—Mr. Mapleson announces the re-opening of Her Majesty's Theatre for Italian opera on the 25th prox. At present he is on the Continent searching for artists, and so early in the present week were Mr. Harris and Mr. Carl Rosa.—An Italian opera season was started last Saturday in Paris. It is a curious fact that the enterprise commenced with a French opera (Bizet's *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*), supported by French vocalists.—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal* will be performed at the next Cincinnati (U.S.) Musical Festival.—Madame Trebelli is so much better in health that she hopes to give a concert at St. James's Hall in June.—Mr. Joseph Bennett will, next month, give at the Royal Institution four lectures on "The Origin and Development of Opera in England."—Mr. Graun, the young Liverpool composer, was married last week.—The wedding of Mr. Hamish McCunn and Miss Pettie (daughter of the R.A.) will be celebrated in June.



EASTER SUNDAY.—Most of the London churches were on Sunday decorated with flowers, and the Services were characterised by brightness.—Preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon Liddon spoke of an active Christian life not rooted in devotion as likely speedily to degenerate into the existence of a philanthropic machine

looking for its reward to imposing statistics, florid newspaper reports, the approval of public meetings, and generally to the praise of men.—At Westminster Abbey, Canon Rowsell, preaching for the Dean, appealed for support to the Westminster Female Refuge, as an institution in which the late Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley took a deep interest, always desiring that the Easter Offertory should be devoted to it.—At the Temple Church, Dr. Vaughan asked his hearers to mark the error of supposing that a joyous temper was less ready than its opposite to sacrifice ease and comfort. Every one knew the harm done to the Gospel by what might be called the funeral life. St. Paul knew what sorrow was, yet he could speak of "low spirits" as descriptive of him. "Sorrowful yet always rejoicing" was his motto. His was the festival (never the funeral) life.—Cardinal Manning, after an absence of several years, both reappeared and preached at the Protestant, Kensington, and began his sermon by pleading the cause of the clergy of the mission, emphasising the fact, in which he rejoiced, that the "Catholic" pastors and people of England were bound together by poverty. They had no revenue and no income to be robbed of.

THE REV. HENRY WARE, Canon of Carlisle Cathedral, and a High Churchman of a liberal type, has been appointed Suffragan to the Bishop of Carlisle, with the title of Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness.

TWO OUT OF THE THREE PREBENDAL STALLS vacant in St. Paul's Cathedral have been filled up by the Bishop of London appointing to them the Rev. G. Calthrop, of St. Augustine's, Highbury, and the Rev. E. Shelford, of Stoke Newington.

THE REV. SIR EMILIUS LAURIE, on receiving a presentation of place from his late parishioners of St. John's, Paddington, referred to the ecclesiastical changes which he had witnessed during the many years since his ordination. He was one of those clergymen who had been served with an injunction prohibiting them from preaching in Exeter Hall. He consulted Bishop Tait, who recommended him to go on and take the consequences. The result, he believed, was the opening of cathedrals on Sunday evenings.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have received an intimation that Lord Chief Justice Coleridge will deliver his judgement in the *referred* case immediately after the Assizes, probably next week.—The voluntary contributions during 1888 to the disestablished Church of Ireland amounted to £148,000, being an increase of 11,400% over the previous year.—The Rev. C. W. Worledge, late Curate of St. Peter's, London Docks, and, till recently, Chaplain to St. Andrew's Convalescent Home, Folkestone, has joined the Church of Rome.—Cardinal Newman's health has much improved.

UP TO EASTER

THE House of Commons meets again on Monday after the Easter Recess, the Lords more leisurely returning to their engrossing labours on the following day. Easter this Session fell later by nearly three weeks than last year—a circumstance which naturally makes the relative period, on resumption of work, much nearer the inevitable close than appears on the face of it. One-third of the Session is certainly irrevocably disposed of, and the resumption of work seems a convenient opportunity for reckoning up what has been done, and looking forward to what yet remains to be accomplished.

The House of Lords has been, after its fashion, spasmodically busy, but has not much to show for it. Presently, as August advances, there will be a rush of business to the Lords, who will, upon occasion, have to remain in session through the dinner-hour. Bills not yet taken up in the Commons will have to be discussed and forwarded to the Lords, close upon the heels of other measures earlier undertaken. This year, as in many previous, the very reasonable question has been put by the Lords, "Why cannot a certain proportion of Ministerial legislation be initiated in the Upper House?" There are the Scotch Local Government Bills, for example, introduced in the Commons on the eve of the adjournment for the holidays, and now standing over for second reading. It appears to the Lords that they might just as well have been brought in in the Upper House early in March, being fully and carefully discussed, whilst the Commons were busy with the other matters that engaged their attention to the postponement of the Scotch Bills. As matters now stand, they will reach the Lords towards the flag end of the Session, and perhaps be returned, with amendments, at a date of the Session when it is impossible for full interchange of opinion to take place. Nothing is commoner—it happened last Session in respect of an important Bill—than that amendments are kept out for no other reason save that, if admitted in one House after a Bill has passed the other, the measure must needs go back to the House where it was first dealt with, with the result of setting controversy again on foot.

The plea put forward by the Lords is, regarded as an argument, incontrovertible. But it is well known in both Houses that it will never be listened to. Measures of prime importance, precisely those which require the fullest amount of consideration, and involve the hottest points, have always been introduced in the Commons, and the growing power of democracy is not likely to limit the privileges of the House. With non-political measures of the first rank, such as the Bankruptcy Bill, efforts have been made in past years to redress the balance between Lords and Commons, by introducing an important measure in the former House. But in the end the results were pretty much as they now stand. The Lords favoured through more than one Session in shaping the Bankruptcy Bill, passed it through all its stages, and sent it down to the Commons, who, busy with their own affairs, neglected it, and it became a dropped measure. It was only when a strong Minister like Mr. Chamberlain took it up in the Commons that the Bill was got through.

Whilst the aggregate of work done up to Easter is not great, it happily comes about that there is no overpowering weight of arrears. Warned by the experience of former years, the Government, in preparing the programme of the Session, were careful not to overweight it. It is a long time since so few big measures were introduced in the Queen's Speech. It was understood at the outset that, whilst the Session was to be partly a Scotch Session, it was to be primarily devoted to consideration of the Estimates, and upon these lines the course of business has been directed. The Scotch Local Government Bills have been introduced and read a first time, amid a chorus of approval, observed not without suspicion on the Conservative Benches. Lord George Hamilton has, after considerable debate, received authority to lay on the table a Bill embodying a scheme of naval defence. The Sugar Bounty Bill and the Budget scheme have been introduced, and the rest of the time at the disposal of the Government, thus early augmented beyond its regular proportions by raids on the time of private members, has been appropriated to Supply. In the three months, or at the best, almost the three months and a half, that remains of the Session, the Bills here named are all in the way of important legislation which the Government may hope to pass. Mr. Balfour has still in hand schemes for carrying on arterial drainage in Ireland, but these are not measures on which the Government is likely to fight to the bitter end. Where the clouds are gathering most formidably is around the Sugar Bounties Bill, which is likely to be fought by the Opposition with a desperation that will unpleasantly remind the Government of what followed upon last year's effort to pass

the Bill designed to create a salaried office for the late Colonel King-Harman.

The Session as far as it has gone has not developed any new lights among members. No one below the gangway has specially come to the fore. Among those who earlier attained a position, Mr. Balfour stands first. The lion's share of controversy falls to him, and he displays an undiminished and apparently insatiable appetite for the fight. Night after night, practically single-handed, he stands with his back to the wall battling with the most enterprising of persistent adversaries of the Government. Abundant practice has succeeded in rendering him almost perfect and nearly invulnerable. His skill, courage, coolness, and gracefulness in fence extort an admiration which is by no means confined to the Ministerial side of the House. I fancy the Irish members regard Mr. Balfour with feelings of personal esteem never before evoked by a Chief Secretary.

The Solicitor-General for Ireland occasionally assists Mr. Balfour at question-time, and in set debate Mr. Goschen sometimes comes to his aid. But for the most part the Chief Secretary answers for his own department. Mr. Smith continues in a manner quite unusual among Leaders of the House to abstain from taking part in debate. It has been for years the custom of the Leader of the House either to open or to close debate on a big measure. But Mr. Smith, rightly, if modestly, gauging his own abilities, stands aside, and leaves that section of the Leader's work to his colleagues. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, is as eager as ever to participate in debate, and has, up to Easter, delivered several important speeches. Lord Hartington keeps in the background, very rarely interposing in debate, though in all serious divisions, more especially those in which the fate of the Ministry is involved, he is careful to be in his place. Mr. Chamberlain is equally reticent of speech and regular with his vote. Lord Randolph Churchill has displayed a keen interest in the Ministerial schemes for the strengthening of the naval defences, impartially adjusting criticism and compliment, allotting all the former to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and bestowing all the latter on the Secretary of State for War. Below the gangway opposite Mr. Labouchere has taken the oversight of affairs, and does out votes in Committee of Supply to the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Parnell has taken scarcely any personal part in directing the campaign of the Irish Parliamentary forces. In the frequent absence of Mr. Healy, more profitably engaged in Ireland, Mr. Sexton has assumed the position of leader of the party, and has ruthlessly diluted debate.



THE performances at the pretty MEMORIAL Theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon, this week, in honour of Shakespeare's birthday, have attracted more than usual attention. On Monday Mr. Osmond Tearle's Company gave a representation of *Julius Caesar*. More interest, however, was necessarily attracted to the performance on the next day of the first part of *Henry VI.*, a play which certainly no living playgoer has hitherto seen upon the stage. The Stratford enthusiasts even claim that it has not been performed since the poet's days; and they may be right, for the pieces of that title by Crowne and Theophilus Cibber were probably mere travesties of the original. The work is rude in construction, and primitive in its devices, even beyond the customary limits of the chronicle plays; and good critics have argued that it should be placed among the "doubtful" pieces. Still the performance was a curiosity, and quite within the proper functions of those who are responsible for the programmes of these annual festivals.

Friday, in the present week, was the date ultimately fixed for the private performances by Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company before Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. The doors of the LYCEUM were in consequence closed that night. The programme consisted of *The Bells* and the fourth act of *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Irving as Shylock, and Miss Terry as Portia.

We are able to confirm the statement that has appeared to the effect that Mr. Irving and Miss Terry have undertaken at the official request of Herr Ludwig Barnay to play this summer at the new theatre of the latter in Berlin for the benefit of the German Institution for Sick and Indigent Actors. The event is one which will be looked forward to by the playgoing world with great interest.

Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's romantic drama, *The Harbour Lights*, has taken the place at the ADELPHI of *The Silver Falls*, and seems likely to be launched on a fresh career of popularity. Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward resume their original characters, and Mrs. Leigh as Mrs. Chudleigh, Miss Clara Jecks as Peggy, and Mr. Beveridge as the designing villain of the piece, are still to the fore. In other respects there have been considerable changes in the cast. Most conspicuous among these are Miss Gertrude Kingston's Lina—a powerful piece of acting, and Mr. J. L. Shine's Tom Dossitor, an admirable performance in every way. This deservedly popular drama is put on the stage in the same picturesque fashion as before; and the soft and brilliant electric lighting gives fine effect to its numerous striking landscapes and interiors.

Mr. John Coleman is disposed to try what reduced prices will do towards retrieving the somewhat fallen fortunes of the once popular and prosperous OLYMPIC. Accordingly the entrance fee to the pit under his management, which opened on Saturday night last, is one shilling, and that to the gallery sixpence only. The reduction on former prices is exactly one-half, though stalls remain at the customary half-guinea. Unfortunately, Mr. Coleman has neither a new play ready nor a very strong company at command. Mr. Chute's version of *East Lynne*, however, which occupies the ground while something fresher is in preparation, is a piece that has always been in great favour with playgoers who have a robust appetite for melodrama of the domestic sort, and as the play is fairly well performed it met with a very friendly reception.

Oh, These Widows! is the title of a new three-act farcical comedy which Mr. James Mortimer proposes to bring out at TERRY'S Theatre on the afternoon of the 1st of May.

Mrs. Bernard Beere's engagement at the new GARRICK Theatre will not, it appears, take effect yet awhile. Meanwhile this lady will continue to appear at the CRITERION in *Still Waters Run Deep*.

It is rumoured that a new play by Mr. W. G. Wills, entitled *King Arthur*, will be the next production at the LYCEUM, with Mr. Irving as Arthur, Mr. Alexander as Lancelot, and Miss Ellen Terry as Guinevere. There seems, however, to be some doubt whether a revival of *Henry VIII.* may not, after all, precede this. In that case Mr. Irving will play Wolsey, Miss Terry, Katherine.

"Mr. Leslie Mayne," which is the *nom de guerre* of Mr. Lionel Monckton, son of Sir John and Lady Monckton, has composed the music—five numbers in all—for a little musical monologue written by Mr. Savile Clarke. The story is described as "a sort of idyll of the Stock Exchange." It will be played first by Messrs. Boucher and Colnaghi, but will no doubt find its way ere long to the regular stage. Mr. Monckton was the composer of the music for the recent performance of *Julius Caesar* at Oxford.

At last the late Mr. T. W. Robertson's dramatic works are to be collected and published. The principal comedies—all, indeed, that

were first produced at the Prince of Wales's under Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's management—have hitherto been withheld from the Press. The author's son will furnish a prefatory memoir, and Mr. Bancroft has undertaken to revise the whole, particularly as to stage business.

The death is announced of Miss Louise Willes, an actress of some note on the provincial stage, who made some very promising appearances at the GAIETY and elsewhere a few years ago. Miss Willes played leading parts in romantic drama with a good deal of force and pathos. She was also an excellent comedy actress, as will be remembered by those who can recall her performance of the Yankee lady of abrupt manners but good heart in *Moths*. Miss Willes left the stage on her marriage, about four years ago.

During her forthcoming engagement at the GAIETY, Madame Sarah Bernhardt will play the character of Lena Despard in the French version of *As In a Looking Glass*, recently produced at the Variétés in Paris. This will give playgoers an opportunity of seeing the great French actress's performance in a part in which Mrs. Bernard-Beere has preceded her.

Mr. Toole and his company re-appeared at their head-quarters in King William Street on Monday evening in *The Don* and *Leon Parle Français*. The reception accorded to the popular comedian by an audience not unkind of his recent domestic afflictions was cordial in the extreme.

It seems that the new INTERNATIONAL HALL, near the corner of Piccadilly and Shaftesbury Avenue, which is to open early in May, will be given up, for the present at least, to Spanish concerts and Spanish dances. Of the latter, a very popular troupe have been engaged from one of the principal theatres in Madrid.

Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree—husband and wife—will play father and daughter in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, *Wealth*, which is to be brought out this (Saturday) evening at the HAY-MARKET.

We are compelled to reserve till next week a notice of the opening of the new GARRICK Theatre by Mr. Hare, and the production at that house of Mr. Pinero's new play, *The Profligate*.

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

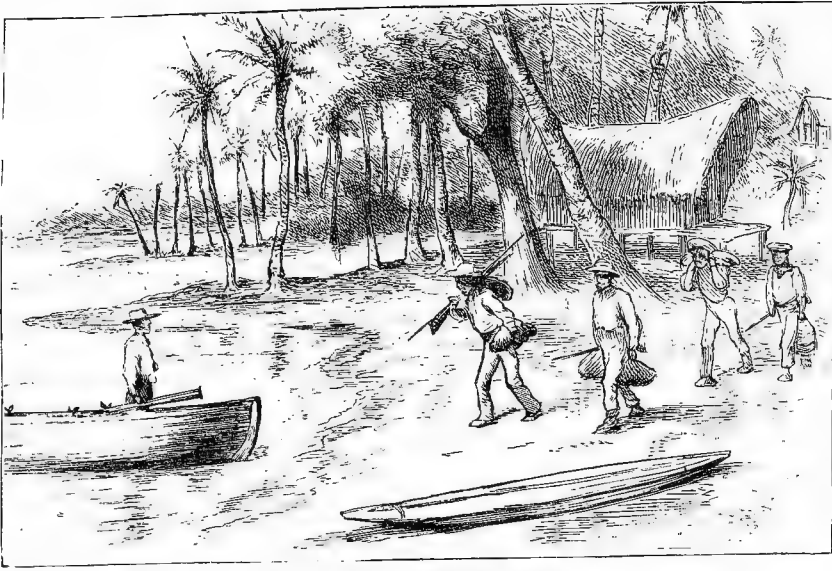
THE members of this recently-formed society judiciously confine their exhibitions within moderate limits. A large majority of the 104 works now on view at the Dudley Gallery seem to have been inspired by artistic purpose, and a few of them may be regarded with almost unqualified satisfaction. It is in landscape and portraiture that the strength of the exhibition chiefly lies, but there are two or three figure compositions that well deserve examination. One of the first we meet with—Mr. H. S. Tuke's "The Bathers," representing three naked boys on the deck of a boat—is remarkable for the vigorous action of the figures and the excellence of the flesh-painting, as well as for its luminous quality of colour, and good keeping as a whole. Mr. A. Stanhope Forbes's animated little picture of English rural life, "The Bridge," is fuller in tone and more technically complete than anything we have seen by him. The figures are true types of character, well grouped, and natural in their gestures. A small interior, "The Forge," by Mr. Bernhard Sickert, attracts attention by its truthful illumination and effective breadth of treatment. M. Jacques Blanche has a bright and pleasant little picture of a child seated at a breakfast-table; and another, representing a breakfast-table without any living thing, by reason of its absurdly false perspective, presents a most *bizarre* appearance. On the same wall hang a sketchy, but life-like little full-length "Portrait of André Raffalovich, Esq.," by Mr. Sidney Starr; a very finely-modelled head of a thoughtful little girl, by Mr. George Clausen; and a large interior of "Collins's Music Hall," by Mr. Walter Sickert, opaque in colour, coarsely painted, and with no quality of Art to redeem its essential vulgarity. Mr. P. W. Steer, whose previous works have been remarkable chiefly for their eccentricity, has a life-sized portrait of a lady seated on a sofa, well composed, large in style, and glowing with rich and skillfully-arranged colour. Among several other good examples of female portraiture, Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's full-length of a lady is especially noteworthy for its air of cultivated grace and refinement, its subdued harmony of tone, and dignified simplicity of treatment. A small landscape, "Eventide"—somewhat resembling the work of Corot—shows M. A. Roche to be an artist of great ability. It has harmony of line to recommend it, as well as exquisite purity and truth of tone. Mr. James Patterson, in a very large and rather sketchy picture, "Winter on the Cairn," has succeeded in conveying a vivid sense of space and movement. Mr. J. Buxton Knight's placid "Far Spent Day," Mr. W. J. Laidlay's dismal "Twilight on the Broads," with a profusion of well-painted rushes and water-weeds in the foreground, and Mr. Hubert Vos's richly-toned and effective sketch of "The Docks at Ostend" are excellent in their various ways.



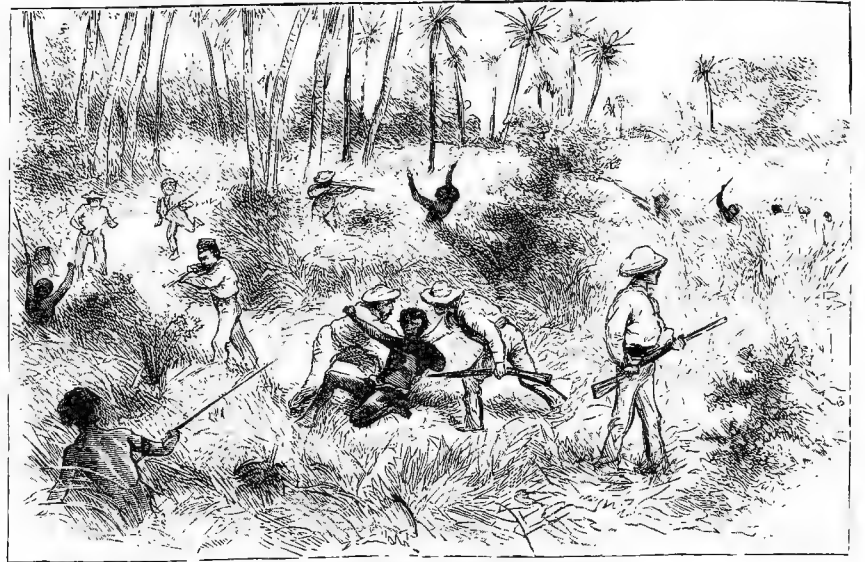
THE TURF.—Fred Barrett easily heads the list of winning jockeys at present. Up to last Saturday he had scored seventeen times in fifty-four rides—a very good average. His brother George was second, with eleven out of seventy-one. Among the amateurs it continues to be Mr. Abington first, and the rest nowhere. Up to Saturday "the Squire" had ridden nine winners, and on that day, at Windsor, he steered three more, bringing his total up to twelve.

As usual, there were any number of Meetings on Easter Monday. Indeed it would be difficult to name a place where something in the shape of a race did not take place. The most important, however, were those at Kempton Park and Manchester. At the former, the Easter Handicap fell to Gules, the Garrick Selling Plate to Grewelthorpe, and the April Two-Year-Old Plate to Fiddle and I. At Manchester, Sir Charles Hartopp won the Irwell Selling Hurdle Race with Bacillus, and the Handicap Hurdle Race with The Tyke. The chief event of the day, however, was the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase, and in this Magic scored a very popular victory for the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness was altogether in luck's way on Easter Monday, for his old hunter Reliance, who won two races at the West Norfolk Hunt Meeting last week, was again to the fore at the Oakley Hunt Meeting.

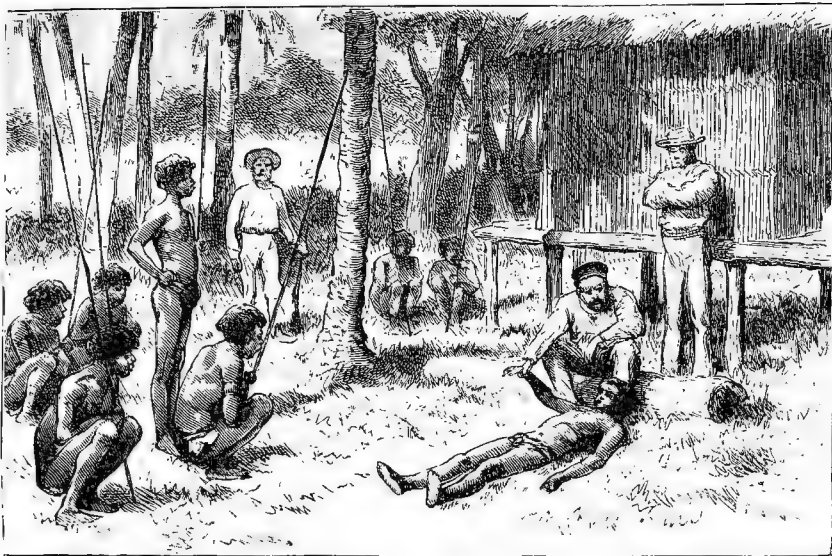
The Epsom Spring Meeting opened in very bad weather on Tuesday. Noble Chieftain added another win to his credit in the Trial Plate, and, for the second year in succession, Tissaphernes, who seems none the worse for his steeplechasing, took the Great Metropolitan Stakes. Lord Gerard's Overveen beat Lactantius and half-a-dozen others in the Westminster Stakes, and St. Symphorien and Mellifont were among the other winners. Wednesday was the City and Suburban day. Wise Man, Wellington, and Bullion had at various times been favourites, but at the fall of the flag The Baron was most in demand of the nineteen runners. Once more, however, he disappointed his backers, and the race fell to Mr. Leybourne's Goldseeker, which started at 50 to 1. Fullerton, last year's winner, was second, and Wise Man third. Pink Pearl won the Hyde Park Plate, and Gules scored again in the Tadworth Plate.



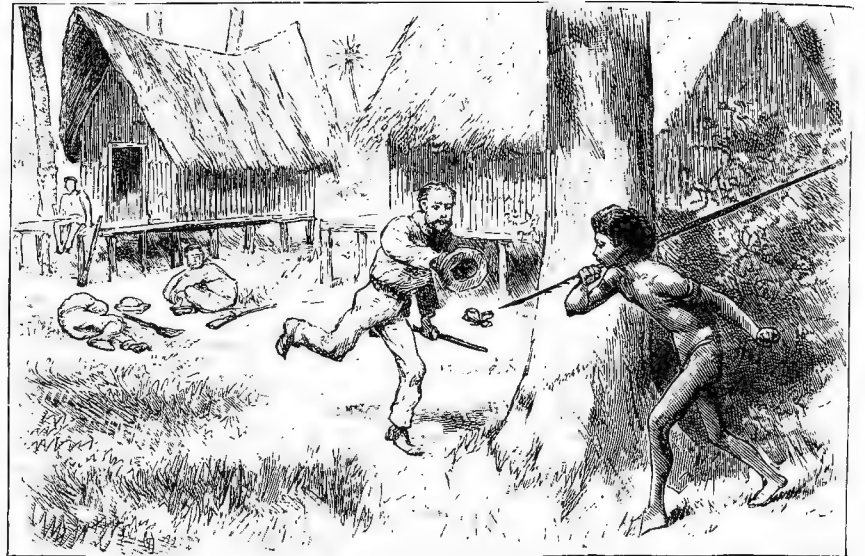
RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY



ARRESTING A MURDERER AT HUHUNA

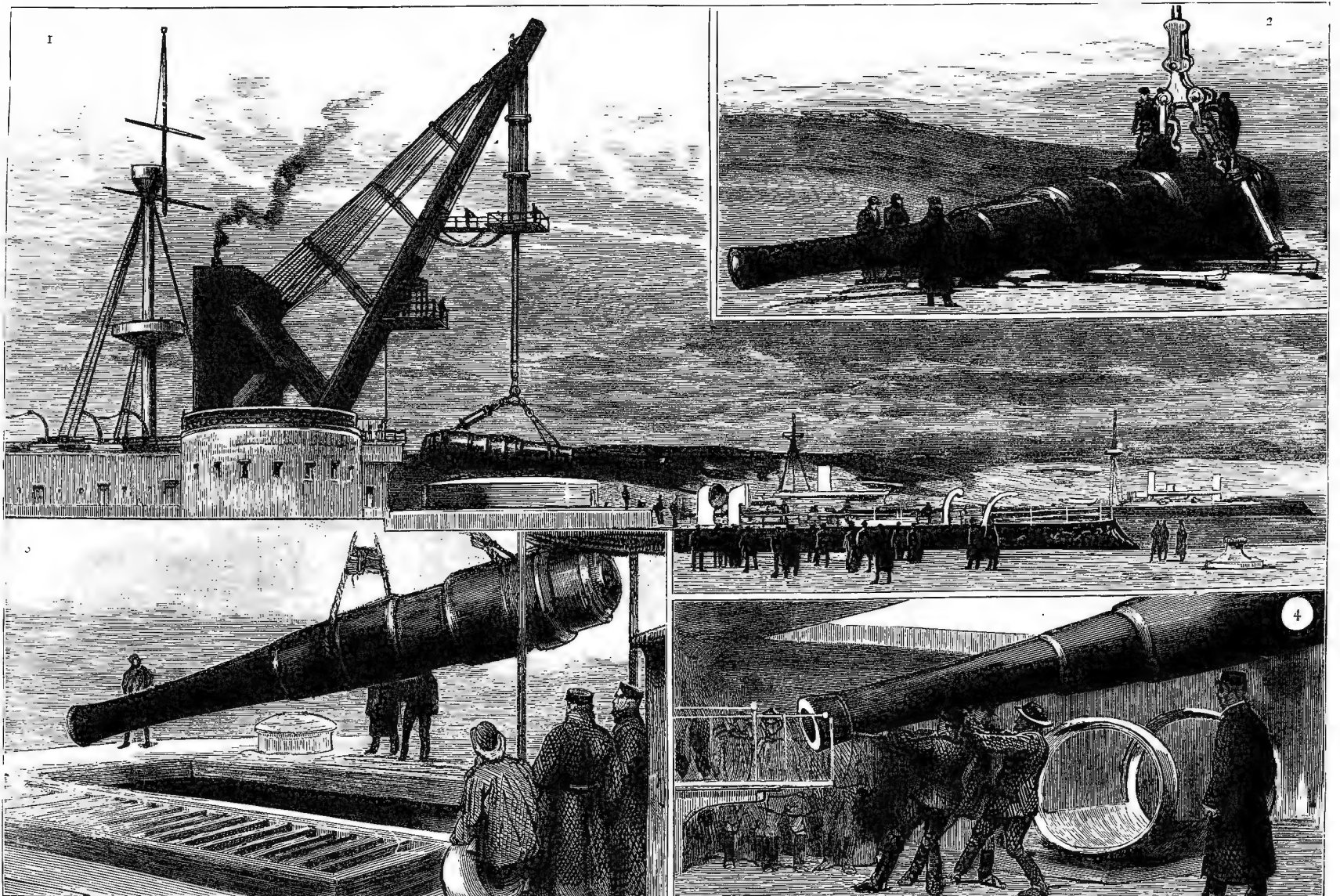


IN THE BRITISH CAMP—DEATH OF A WOUNDED ALLY



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING: LIEUTENANT BADEN POWELL CATCHING A HUGE BUTTERFLY

THE RECENT PUNITIVE EXPEDITION TO BRITISH NEW GUINEA



1. A General View of the Operations the Conning Tower 2. The Gun Lying Alongside the Ship 3. Lowering the Gun to the Opening in the Roof of the Turret—View from 4. In the Middle Turret—Guiding the Muzzle of the Gun towards the Port

HOISTING A HUNDRED-AND-ELEVEN TON GUN ON BOARD H.M.S. "VICTORIA," AT CHATHAM



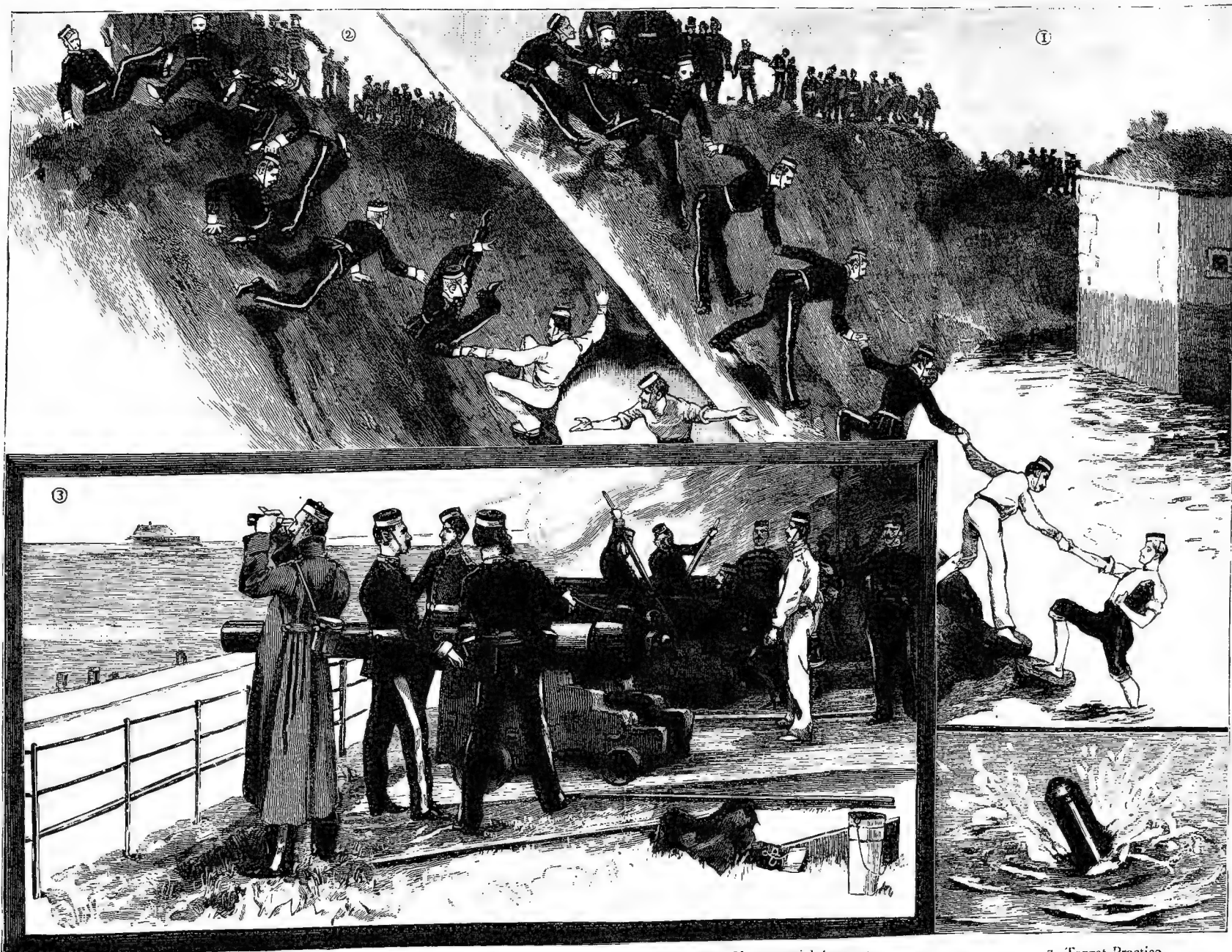
EMPLOYMENT OF TIME-EXPIRED SOLDIERS IN THE COLONIES
SOME MEMBERS OF THE SYDNEY BRANCH OF THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES

COMMISSIONAIRES AT SYDNEY

RATHER less than a year ago Sir Edward Walter, the indefatigable originator and director of the Corps of Commissionaires, which has its head-quarters at 419, Strand, announced that he had established a colonial division of the corps at Sydney. This division at present comprises thirty-four men, and is under the command of Major Hawkins, 10, Post-Office Chambers, Sydney. Our engraving, which is taken from a photograph by H. King, Sydney, represents

about twenty of these men, and may be interesting to our readers from the fact that the division is the first established out of England, and may possibly be the forerunner of many others in various parts of the Empire. As soon as the Sydney division reaches one hundred members, it is Captain Walter's intention to establish a similar body at Melbourne. The attractions offered by the colonies to soldiers whose time has expired in India are decidedly superior to those of the old country. The cost of living in Sydney is about the same as in England. House-rent and clothing are dearer, it is true,

but these items do not affect the Commissionaires, as they have their own barracks, and their uniforms are supplied direct from England. Their average earnings in Sydney have exceeded 50s. weekly, or 75 per cent. above the home tariff. Then for men with large families the colonies present innumerable advantages which cannot be offered in an overstocked market like England. The men now at Sydney seem to have given general satisfaction, and have been cordially and liberally welcomed by employers of labour there.



1. A Live Shell Falls into the Moat, and we proceed to get it out

2. An Unsuccessful Attempt

3. Target Practice

CITY OF LONDON ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS AT LUMPS FORT, SOUTHSEA

CRICKET.—The season opened on Easter Monday, as usual, with a couple of Colts' matches. The Gloucestershire youngsters put together 159 in their first innings against the County Eleven, "W. G." being the most successful bowler, but at Nottingham the Colts made little stand before the attack of Attewell and Mee, and were dismissed for 107.—Most of the British cricketers who have been at the Cape arrived home last week, but one or two are staying behind; notably Mr. C. A. Smith, whose absence will be greatly deplored by Sussex. The tour finished much better than it began. Nineteen matches were played, of which thirteen were won, two drawn, and four lost.

FOOTBALL.—Good Friday is a great day for the game in the North, and there were numerous matches on that and the other days of the holiday. Preston North End, continuing their victorious career, have beaten Sheffield Wednesday, Partick Thistle, and Vale of Leven; Queen's Park have defeated Aston Villa; and West Bromwich Albion beat Newton Heath and Leek (in the final for the Staffordshire Cup). The Corinthians, Casuals, and London Caledonians have been on tour, but the first-named succumbed to Newcastle and (for the second time) to 3rd Lanark R. V., and Derby County proved too good for the Casuals. The Caledonians, however, beat Everton and Stoke, though they were easily defeated by Aston Villa and Queen's Park.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Nineteen games each were played in the first portion of the International Chess Congress Tournament at New York. Herr Weiss, of Vienna, then led with a score of 15½, Mr. J. H. Blackburne being a good second.—There seems some chance of the great fight between Kilrain and Sullivan coming off after all. The final deposit has been made, a satisfactory stakeholder has been appointed, and, lastly, Sullivan is sober.—A game of pallone, the Italian tennis, was played in London on Monday. Like baseball, it is hardly likely to "catch on."



IN AN ELABORATE JUDGMENT Mr. Justice Kekewich has granted a general injunction against the company owning the well-known Queen Anne's Mansions, near St. James's Park Station, forbidding them from proceeding with such extensions of their premises as would cause a material obstruction of the "ancient lights" of the Guards' Memorial Chapel in Birdcage Walk. The decision was arrived at, not only on the ground that the day-light available for worshippers would be diminished by the contemplated operations of the defendants, but that these would interfere with the appreciation by visitors of the mural decorations and the stained-glass windows of the chapel. The application for the injunction was made by the Attorney-General on behalf of the Secretary of State for War.

LORD COLERIDGE AND MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS have pronounced to be punishable, under the Act for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, the practice of dishorning cattle—that is, sawing off the horns at the roots. In the particular case before them, the practice had been defended as merciful in the long-run to the animals, since it prevented them from goring each other; but for the other side it was argued that this could be done quite as well by tipping their horns. As the decision contravenes one of a Divisional Court, the two Judges who pronounced it will deliver judgment formally in writing, giving their reasons.

JOTTINGS.—The Catholic Apostolic Church in Orchard Street, Westminster, at present resembles, not to speak it profanely, one of those mouse-traps which invite the ingress of the little rodent, but which foil its egress. On Sunday morning a burglar, who had entered it in search of booty, was discovered, overpowered, and arrested. According to the sacristan, it is easy for any one to get into the church by means of the scaffolding of some new buildings in the rear, but, according to the same authority, it is very difficult to get out again.—The Wandsworth police magistrate dealt leniently with a number of boys who were brought before him on a charge of playing at pitch-and-toss in a public thoroughfare. Construing the Act "to the annoyance" of Her Majesty's lieges, as

meaning a sensible interference with the comfort of the people, and not a moral shock to a person's feelings, he let the juveniles off with a nominal fine of 1s. each.—A traveller by a London tramcar, with peculiar notions of personal dignity, refused to show his ticket to an inspector of the car company, and afterwards to give his name and address, remarking that he was "anxious to fight the point." His desire was gratified, and the Dalston police magistrate fined him 20s., with 2s. costs.



EASTER brought sunshine and a southerly breeze; but the latter, in turn, brought some rain. The Bank Holiday combined the three, and, with sun, wind, and showers was a healthy, if to holiday-seekers somewhat perplexing, spring day. The first swallow had been observed over the lower reaches of the river at Chelsea as early as the 7th of April, and the same day the chiffchaff had been seen in the comparatively secluded Hospital gardens. The water-wagtail was seen on the same day at Peterborough, while the northward flight of the swallow was traceable in appearances on the 12th of April at Colchester, on the 16th of April near Nottingham, and on the 18th of April at Morpeth, in Northumberland. On Easter Sunday there were few districts where "the suppliants of Apollo," as the sunshine-loving Greeks called them, were not seen. The sand-martin this year has come in the wake, and not as the herald, of the true swallow. The willow-wren was seen at Peterborough on the 11th of April, and the tree-pit on the 14th of April, and on the same day the common sandpiper was seen near York. Both nightingale and cuckoo are very late this year. On the farm mangel-seed is now being put in, and the last of the oats and barley are being sown. The milder temperature is restoring to the wheat the good colour it had begun to lose. The flocks, which made a very good start, are not getting on as well as could be desired—in fact, if the number of births in 1889 has exceeded an average, so also has the number of deaths. The same is the case with calves, the births of which have been more numerous than usual, but the mortality also large. With the exception of the youngest, however, farm stock is generally healthy. Prices for beef, veal, mutton, and lamb are remunerative; but the value of store-stock is so high that farmers can make little profit by purchasing to fatten. The pastures are coming on well, and are all the better for not having been too forward.

PRICES OF ENGLISH PRODUCE.—Wheat, last week, was quoted a little above 32s. in London, but the Imperial average for the entire kingdom was only 29s. 10d. per qr. The markets of the Home Counties usually ranged from 31s. to 34s. per qr., but in the West of England 28s. to 29s. only was quoted, and 27s. to 28s. in the North-West. The average at Wakefield was only 27s. 7d., at Doncaster 28s. 1d., at Sunderland 25s. 5d., but at Scarborough the almost unusually low average of 22s. 11d. was reported. In the Lake District so little wheat is produced that comparatively high prices prevail, thus Carlisle quotes an average of 32s. 2d. and Penrith 32s. 9d. per qr. The Imperial average for barley is 26s. 1d., but in Kent over 30s. is made, the mean of the kingdom being pulled down by such returns as Doncaster 19s. 8d., Newcastle 20s. 6d., and Scarborough 16s. 1d. per qr. The Imperial average for oats is 17s. 9d. for England, but 20s. in Scotland.

ESSEX.—We learn with satisfaction that the County Society is taking up the question of improving seed corn. Essex is so pre-eminently a wheat and barley growing district, that no apology is needed in urging the importance of using the best seeds, so that the grain grown should be of the finest possible quality for food. The proximity of London, where fine corn always commands a ready sale, should operate as a permanent incentive to carefulness among the Essex farmers; yet the President of the local society, who is a regular buyer of Essex wheat, states that farmers buy expensive seed from firms who advertise special quality, and make extravagant promises.

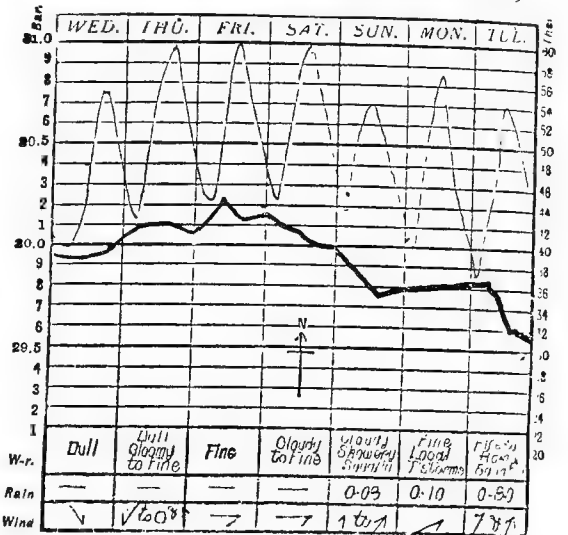
CHESHIRE.—Dairy-farming is the one topic of local interest. A lecture given on the subject by Lord Egerton of Tatton com-

manded a big attendance, and a Miss Maidment is going a tour with a practical account of butter-making, which is said to be "opening the eyes" of farmers' wives and daughters in the out-of-the-way districts. Lord Egerton complained that English dairies did not make butter on sufficiently definite principles for good grades to be established, and the uncertainty which prevailed told against high prices. If purchasers could depend upon a uniform quality being maintained throughout a year's deliveries, they would pay a good price and become regular customers. But, until such uniformity was established, butter-making would be a speculative and not a stable industry. Cheshire cheese was now seldom found beyond Cheshire and Lancashire because it was not made on keeping principles, and because of its deterioration in course of transit.

NORFOLK.—The large number of fine barley-growers in this county are opposed to the projected increase in the beer tax, and the pressure they are bringing to bear on their county representatives may not possibly lead to a division against the vote, though as the Liberal temperance party are sure to lend the Government a hundred votes ordinarily cast against them, the Ministry can easily afford to disregard the protests of the East Anglian sowers and farmers. The rise in the beer tax is so small that it is almost impossible for brewers to raise the price of beer per pint in consequence, but the price of a barrel will be slightly raised or the quality of the beer slightly lowered. Mr. Goschen urges that as the tax is not to be levied on the quantity of the barley used, but on the specific gravity of the beer, it cannot affect barley growers, but the discouragement of beer-drinking must affect them, and so must the accustoming of the public to an inferior article.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (23rd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this week has been fine as a whole, but with a showery gusty tendency towards the end of the period. The wind was at first light from the Northward, the temperature low, and the air dry. After Wednesday (17th inst.) the wind drew back into West and South-West, and with a continuation of fine weather, the thermometer rose, so that maxima were recorded as high as 65° in London, 61° at Cambridge, and 59° even in the East of Scotland. On this very day, however, showers began to fall over the North-Western parts of the Kingdom, and spreading gradually to the Eastward and Southward, reached our Eastern and Southern Counties by Monday, where also hail fell, and thunder was heard about midday. At the close of the week showery changeable weather still prevailed generally.

In London the barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Friday (19th inst.); lowest (29.57 inches) on Tuesday (23rd inst.); range 0.66 inch.

The temperature was highest (65°) on Friday (19th inst.); lowest (57°) on Tuesday (23rd inst.); range 28°.

Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.43 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.30 inch on Tuesday (23rd inst.).

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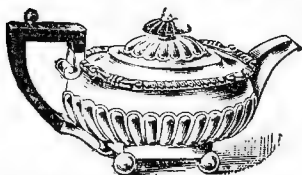
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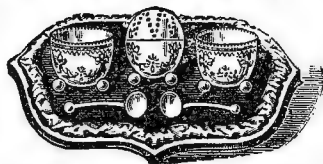
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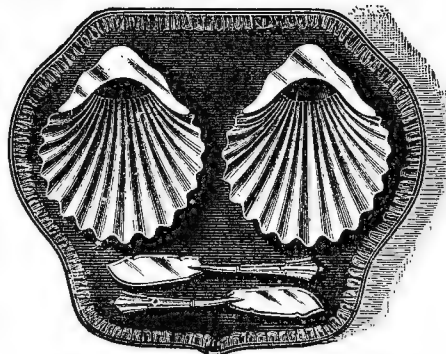
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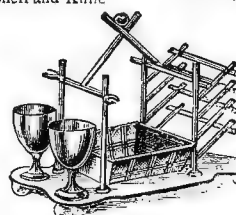
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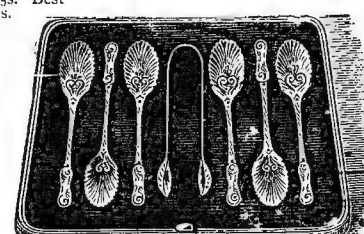
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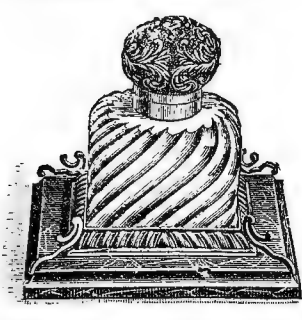
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DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

'Leave me, Eustace,' she said, in a weary voice. 'I can go no further.'

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

By GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XXXIII

AMONG THE SNOWS

THEY had gone but a few hundred yards down the pass, riding single file on the narrow Kabyle road, which cactus and aloe obstructed on either side, when suddenly Meriem, who went first, was brought to a halt by the sharp and short report of a pistol, fired full in the face of her borrowed mount. C'r'r, it whizzed past the mule's very nose. The animal reared upright with terror on its haunches for a moment, and Meriem, looking ahead towards the darkling bushes in front, called out in Kabyle, tremulously, but in very clear tones, "Who's there! Why fire at the homes of the infidel?"

As she spoke, two men crept cautiously out from the shadow of the lentisk scrub, and one of them answered in a sulky voice, and in the same tongue, which Eustace could now just vaguely follow, "Who are you, and where are you off to-night, the wrong way down, when the sons of the Kabyles are marching in a mass against the homes of the infidel?"

The men were not of her own tribe, Meriem knew at once, by their peculiar dialect. They were Beni-Yenni, from the village beyond the fort, posted there, no doubt by arrangement, to guard the pass down to Tizi-Ouzou against retreating Christians. There must be dozens more of them picketed lower down the road. To proceed that way would be clearly useless. Retreat was impossible, so Meriem temporised. "I am a woman," she said,—"a true believer—and I was going to the chief of the Beni-Yenni, with letters and messages from the Amine of the Beni-Merzoug."

The stranger, advancing, seized the bridle of her mule with a suspicious glance.

"And your husband?" he cried, with a scowl at Le Marchant. "Why is he, a man of military age, skulking from the Holy War at such a moment?"

"My husband," Meriem answered, with trembling lips, hoping in her heart Eustace would have the sense not to break into words and betray himself for a Christian, "is a deaf and dumb man. He's useless as a soldier. So my uncle, the Amine, has sent him to take care of me."

"It's a lie!" the Kabyle answered, wrenching the mule aside suddenly, and gazing straight into Eustace's eyes. "Fire, Mohammad, fire! These are traitors—infidels! I know the man's face. They're going down to Tizi-Ouzou to warn the garrison."

Meriem's heart leapt up into her mouth at this unexpected emergency.

"Leave your mule and run, Meriem," Eustace cried, in English,

jumping as he spoke from his own beast, and seizing her tremulous hand hard in his. Next moment, a bullet whizzed hissing past his ears, and a short Kabyle knife gleamed white and bright in the clear moonlight.

The Englishman seized his assailant in his stout arms, and, grasping him round the waist, with one violent effort, flung him from him heavily upon the path behind. Then, unarmed as they were—for Eustace hadn't even waited to hunt up his revolver in the hurry of the moment—they turned and fled headlong into the thick lentisk scrub, and down the steep gully of broken hillside towards the brook at the bottom. Delay was dangerous with so many unseen enemies about. The stones under foot slipped as they went, for the slope was rubbly, and Eustace tore his hands more than once in clutching at the bushes to save Meriem from too hasty and abrupt a descent; but Meriem, all barefooted as she was, leaped lightly down unhurt, like some mountain antelope, and planted her sole firmly at last on the soft mould in the centre of the gully.

"What can we do now?" she whispered low, as shots were heard again whizzing over their heads from the rocks above, the Kabyles firing at random in the direction they had taken. "There's no getting down to Tizi-Ouzou at this rate, and no other road except back by the fort to St. Cloud, and so on to Fort National."

Eustace made his mind up without a moment's hesitation. "We've only one thing left to do," he answered boldly. "The passes are held on either side. We must go over the mountains, right across the Col, and descend upon the Constantine railway in the valley. At Bouira, or the first other station we reach, they could telegraph for aid to Algiers and Philippeville."

Meriem shuddered. It seemed impossible. "Upon the Constantine railway!" she cried, in a low voice, half terrified. "Over the high mountains! No other way left! We must trudge through the snow, then!"

And she gazed down ruthfully at her poor bare feet, ill-fitted, indeed, for such a walk as that was.

"There's nothing else possible," Le Marchant answered, following her eyes with his own as they looked downward timidly—"for me at least I must go to Bouira. But, Meriem, why need you accompany me? Couldn't you steal back unperceived to the village? The walk's too long and too hard by far for you, my child."

"Never," Meriem answered, with profound conviction. "Never, while Iris and Vernon are in danger. I'll walk my feet bare to the bone before I desert them, Eustace. We'll rouse all Algeria rather than let them be murdered in cold blood at St. Cloud, if we have to trudge through miles of snow to do it."

Le Marchant saw that she meant what she said, and he made no attempt to turn her from her purpose. He admired it too much to wish to interfere with it. "Come on, then," he said, looking her full in the face. "We must start at once. Not a moment to lose. Up these first heights here will lead us to a point where we can see the Djurjura. Once we catch sight of the snowy peaks in this bright moonlight, we can find our way well. We must walk all night; but by early morning, with good luck, we may reach Bouira."

Not another word was spoken. They turned at once to set out toilsomely on that difficult and dangerous mountain journey. Between them and the main central valley of the Atlas, down whose midst the Grand Trunk line of Algeria, from Oran to Constantine, winds by long gradients its tortuous way, lay the huge white snow-covered mass of the Djurjura. Only two passes threaded the lateral ranges on either side from Beni-Merzoug: one of them led back to Tizi-Ouzou, and was held in force by the Beni-Yenni mountaineers: the other led forward to the Fort at St. Cloud, and was the one down which the Beni-Merzoug themselves had marched to massacre the isolated little garrison. How far the insurrection might spread on either side Le Marchant had not the faintest conception; but he hoped by reaching civilisation once more on the line of the railway route he might still be in time to avert the menaced massacre at that doomed outpost. To do so, however, no plan was possible save the desperate one of crossing the snowy ridge between the sister peaks of Tamgout and Lalla Khadija. They had to make their way alone, at dead of night, through trackless wilds and over untrodden snow, in a country the greater part of which was absolutely unknown to either one of them. But it was the sole remaining chance for saving the lives of their friends at St. Cloud; and they faced it together, bravely and silently.

The hill-side above the gorge was steep and rocky, but they mounted it, step by step, in dead silence, creeping up under the shadows of the wild olive-bushes and the low genista scrub, for fear of attracting the attention of the Kabyles opposite, as long, at least, as they remained within range of a rifle-shot. As they toiled on and up, under the moonlit sky, the air at each level they attained grew colder and colder. Olives slowly gave way to pine and cedar: cedars again ceased, in turn, in favour of low clumps of wind-swept juniper. Meriem drew her thin white robe closer and closer around her. She was chilled by the freezing wind, and her teeth chattered. "Here," Le Marchant cried, pulling off his own upper cloak—the outer Kabyle garment—"you must wrap this about your shoulders, my child; it's better than nothing."

"No, no," Meriem answered, holding her *haik* tight in her numbed fingers, and shaking her head; "keep it yourself; you need it more

than I do. We Kabyles are accustomed to winter-cold. We go about barefoot, even when the snow lies deep and thick on our own mountains."

Le Marchant wrapped it round her, in spite of her remonstrances, with an imperious gesture. "You must take it," he said. "You're the less warmly-clad by far of the two. Thank heaven, I've a thick English jersey, unchanged, under my burnous. Besides, what we want is for both to pull through. We mustn't let either fail on the summit."

They walked on quickly over the intervening ground, mile after mile, up, up—up ever, till they reached the snow line on the high Col between the two rearing moonlit mountains. At its edge, Le Marchant sat down on a great ice-worm boulder, and began pulling off his boots very quietly.

"What are you doing?" Meriem asked, repressing a shiver.

"Taking my boots off," Le Marchant answered, as if to observe a gentleman so employed were the most natural proceeding in the world.

"So I see," Meriem replied. "But what for?"

She knew already; but, until he told her, natural politeness suggested it would be rude to anticipate.

"You must put them on," Le Marchant answered firmly, handing them over to her. "You can't go and tramp through the snow barefoot. They'll be a deal too big for you, but they're better than nothing. I have my stockings. We shall both be protected against the worst of the cold to some extent."

Meriem shook her head.

"No, no," she said, eagerly; "I can never wear them. I'm accustomed to go bare-foot often in the snow. You're not. My soles are hardened to it. Besides, they'd slip off my poor little feet like anything."

Le Marchant made no verbal reply, but taking out the handkerchief concealed in his bosom, he tore it in two, and bound each half tight round Meriem's instep. Meriem, looking on in wonder, allowed him to do it. Next, he gathered on the hillside a few handfuls of the dry Algerian club-moss, as soft as tow, and twining it close around the two rags of handkerchief, thrust her feet, thus bound, into his own boots, which he proceeded to lace up in solemn silence, in spite of Meriem's protests and exclamations. "I can fill up my socks with moss," he went on, quietly, "and that'll keep the warmth of my feet from melting the snow. It's freezing to-night. The surface'll all be hard and firm. If you can hold out, I can hold out, Meriem."

Meriem's eyes were dim with tears. "If you make me take them, I can go on all night, Eustace," she said, simply. And she took his hand in hers with a friendly pressure.

The Englishman's eyes moistened also, but he said nothing. He stuffed his socks with the soft moss, and, lifting her by the hand, raised her gently from the ground, in the unaccustomed foot-gear. They walked on through the snow, thus equipped, for a few hundred yards. Then Meriem sat down on the crisp, hard snow. "Take them off, Eustace," she said, faintly. "I can walk better without them. They seem to clog my feet so much. I'm not accustomed to these great hard things. I'd a thousand times rather you yourself wore them."

Le Marchant saw she really meant it; the unusual weight impeded her free and graceful movements; so he sat down by her side and unlaced the clumsy things without a word. "We can exchange," he said, as soon as he had finished. "I'll take the boots, and you the stockings."

"Oh, no," Meriem cried. "Never mind about me. I'm used to cold. It doesn't matter. If we go on walking, it won't hurt me. But you English are more delicately brought up than we are."

"In a crisis," Eustace answered, with prompt decision, "one man must be dictator and order about the others. Don't answer me back. Do as you're bid, Meriem. The lives of the people at St. Cloud depend upon it."

Meriem knew in her heart he spoke the truth.

They made the exchange in silence, and then marched on across the deep soft snow. The socks kept Meriem's feet warm; a nest of club moss sufficed for Eustace. The snow lay flaky and powdery, as it often lies on mountain heights; and the slight Col between the peaks that they were endeavouring to surmount rose still many hundred feet above them. In places the drifts covered with their deceptively even sheet great hollows and bowls in the underlying surface; in places their feet struck sharp rocks or jagged ends of ledges an inch or so below the treacherous and glistening level. As long as the moon shone, however, all still went well; but in the very jaws of the gap between the two twin mountains, thin clouds began to drive up slowly from south-westward—an ominous quarter—and flakes to fall here and there in their faces as they went, at long intervals. Gradually the flakes followed faster and faster; and just as they reached the summit level of the Col, a perfect storm of snow, in blinding masses, beat fiercely against them. Meriem was weary now with much tramping through the drifts, and ill-clad still in her light and simple Kabyle garments. She drew her *haik* tighter and tighter yet around her, and battled bravely against the cutting blast that drove wildly in her face; but her lips were blue and her teeth chattered; and Eustace began to fear in his soul she would never get through to descend upon the warmer side of the valley towards Bouira.

At last, as the storm drove fiercer in their faces, she sat down exhausted in the soft snow.

"Leave me, Eustace," she said, in a weary voice, like a child who can hardly keep its eyes open. "I can go no further. For Vernon's sake and Iris's, go on without me."

To sit down, wearied out, in the snow to rest, is to freeze to death. Le Marchant's heart almost failed him at the thought. If Meriem was sinking, Meriem was doomed. They could do nothing but sit down there and die together.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CIVILISED SOCIETY

IN the Fort at St. Cloud, Madame l'Administratrice had gathered around her hospitable board for the moment a party which might almost have enabled her to forget Paris. The little woman, indeed, was in high spirits. And not without reason. On her right hand sat an eminent dignitary of her Church, on a pastoral tour through his extensive Diocese. On her left sat that distinguished light of the British Bar, Mr. Thomas Kynnersley Whitmarsh, Q.C., pouring forth French small-talk in his usual glib fashion with perfect fluency and most imperfect grammar. The officer of the *Génie*, ablaze with medals, had taken in the wife of the neighbouring commandant—the lady whose husband had married her out of pure depravity; and the neighbouring commandant had returned the compliment by offering his one remaining arm to the plain and somewhat faded sister of the officer of the *Génie*. Iris and Vernon Blake, thus linked by malice prepense of Madame's, sat opposite the last couple at their good friend's board; and Mrs. Knyvett herself, in the place of honour, forgetful for the night of her bronchial troubles, consoled that amiable cypher, M. l'Administrateur, with congenial conversation in scrappy fragments, jerked out at intervals with the purest boarding-school Parisian accent.

The dinner itself was a monumental triumph of Franco-African *cuisine*. Nothing like it had ever been attempted in Kabylie. The soup would have done honour to Vefour or Bignon; the fish was fresh-caught grayling from the snow-fed mountain streams of the greater Djurjura; no suspicion of garlic disgraced the sweetbreads;

no faint reminiscence of hircine flavour raised doubts (too familiar to the mind of the Algerian *bon-vivant*) as to the possible substitution of kid for lamb in the succulent *rôti*. The Burgundy had blushed on the sunny Côte d'Or, no imitative colonial brand from the slopes of Atlas; the olives had ripened on Provençal hills, and been bottled in oil and stuffed with anchovy by the cunning hands of Maille of Paris. Madame l'Administratrice herself beamed with joy, and with Crème de Nînon. Monseigneur had deigned to compliment her on her *beignets à la reine*; and Monseigneur was well-known to recoup himself for his Lenten fast in due season by making the best of the good things of this world when the Church permitted such occasional relaxation.

"And who would say we were lost among the deepest recesses of the African mountains?" Monseigneur observed reflectively with a faint sigh, plunging his fork as he spoke into his tenth *olive farcie*, and stroking with his left hand that long, flowing beard, which the rules of the Church permit to add so much dignity to the dress and appearance of the missionary clergy. "With Madame's commissariat, and Madame's flow of wit, a man of the world would judge himself in Paris."

"For my own part," Uncle Tom remarked, rolling a mouthful of Burgundy on his palate with obvious approbation, "I refuse to believe this is Africa at all. Our friends here have made us so perfectly comfortable, and so perfectly at home, that I shall be quite sorry, I declare, when the time comes for us to go back to the shelter of my dingy club in dear dirty old London."

"And yet, on *y est très bien, à Londres aussi*," Monseigneur went on, with an abstracted eye, his mind reverting dreamily to certain pleasant memories of English hothouse grapes, Highland grouse, and giant asparagus, "it is only in England, *après tout*, that a connoisseur can taste the wine of Oporto in its full perfection. But, nevertheless, we are here in Africa—decidedly in Africa. I am strong on that point. I refuse to admit the contrary, monsieur. My Diocese is the most genuine Africa of all—the original Africa of the original Afri. And my flock—the Kabyles—for are not they too my flock?—are the people of Masinissa and Juba and Jugurtha."

"Don't you think, Monseigneur," Iris put in from the bottom of the table, in her very best French, though not without timidity, "there's a great deal of Vandal blood left to this day among the Kabyles as well? I notice so many of them have blue eyes and fair hair—some of the children have even light blonde complexions. That must surely be quite Teutonic. Belisarius can hardly have exterminated the northern invaders, even if he broke down the power of Glimmer and his fellow-countrymen."

Vernon Blake opened his eyes wide in speechless admiration at the intrepidity of the young lady who could thus venture to approach a bearded French prelate with historical criticisms in his own language; while even Monseigneur himself, who had never before met an English learned lady of the new school, raised his eyebrows by degrees in mild surprise at such an unexpected interpellation on such a matter. But the old priest was too polished a gentleman to show his astonishment overtly in words; he merely answered, with a deferential bow. "Mademoiselle is doubtless quite right in principle; such fair hair and eyes may frequently betray a Teutonic origin. Genseric may, perhaps, have borne his share in the total. But what I maintain, especially, is that my flock as a whole—for I consider them mine, though most of them unfortunately still remain in error—are the genuine old Romanised provincials of Africa, the historical Christians of African antiquity, the descendants of the race which gave to the Church Tertullian, and Cyprian, and Augustine of Hippo."

"They are certainly most European in face and feature," Iris answered, with that effort which English people always feel in speaking a foreign language. "If one dressed them differently, in European dress, one could hardly distinguish them, I think, from Italians or Spaniards."

"And even their costume itself, which seems to us so foreign," Vernon Blake ventured to remark, but in his own tongue (for he had got here on ground that he really knew); "why, it's almost precisely the old Greek dress, as one gets it in the torsos. You can see in the sculptures from the Parthenon at the British Museum exactly the same arrangements of folds and drapery as those of the Kabyle women. The peculiar straight lines of the robe as it falls to the ground are absolutely identical. You get them again, you know, in Flaxman's drawings. The fact is, it's just the Greek dress, the old universal dress of simple nations, surviving in Africa."

Monseigneur bowed with an expression of the intensest interest and appreciation. As a matter of fact, like so many of his countrymen, he understood not a single word of any living language, except his mother tongue.

"But to revert to what Mademoiselle was just observing," he interposed, placidly, with a dexterous shift of his eyes from the painter to Iris; "I should be inclined to say my Kabyles here are merely a remnant of the old common Mediterranean population, essentially similar to that of Greece and Italy and Spain and the Islands. They're Berbers still, and still unaltered. *Selon moi*, Mademoiselle, invasions never very greatly alter the underlying character of a population. France is still Gaul in spite of everything. The *esprit Gaulois* is with us yet. It is the same in Africa. The Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, the Byzantines, the Saracens, and the Arabs have all conquered the old Berber coast in turn; but the Kabyles are to-day, in spite of that, as Berber as ever. From their mountain eyries they have looked down unhurt upon the dwellers in the plain under a dozen dynasties. Islam itself has made no real structural change in their social relations. In their savage Switzerland these free tribes are monogamist still; they are domestic still; their women wear no veils and are cooped in no harems; the open old Greek and Roman life exists among these peaceful and idyllic mountaineers as fully as ever. And therefore," Monseigneur went on, warming up with enthusiasm, and forgetting his olive, "I look forward with confidence, I look forward with hope, to the time when the Kabyles shall once more be gathered as a body into the fold of the Church; when an African cathedral of worthy architecture shall rise anew above the ruins of Metropolitan Carthage; when a new Augustine shall adorn our Hippo, when a new Monica shall grace our re-risen Rusgunia, when a new Synesius will go forth from our Cyrene to evangelise the black races of interior Africa. The Arab, believe me, will retire abashed to his native deserts; the Kabyle will return a willing convert to the fold of Christendom."

Monseigneur paused for breath one second in that oft-repeated peroration, delivered, after his wont, with folded palms, and with something of his noted ecclesiastical unction. But the pause was fatal to his chance of the house's attention. Madame l'Administratrice, leaning forward impatiently for an opportunity to interrupt his even flow, cut in at the break with her flippant criticism.

"*Quant à moi, Monseigneur*," she said, with a slight toss of her well-dressed *coiffure*, "I perceive none of these differences you so eloquently point out between *indigène* and *indigène*. After the monkey, the animal that most nearly approaches man is no doubt the Kabyle. But for me, a pig of a native is always still a pig of a native. The Kabyles may be as Greek and as Christian as you make out, but why, in the name of a saint, I ask you, do they come around at night to steal my spring chickens, and then offer them calmly, plucked and drawn, next morning, for three francs a pair at my own door to my own *cuisinière*?"

"Madame," the dignitary of the Church responded, in his blindest accents, with that crushing politeness which most French-

men know how to employ so effectively against an obtrusive woman, "we will admit that in the solitary matter of spring chickens the Kabyle morality has hardly emerged as yet above the ordinary Christian gipsy level. Even in France, our peasants, we know, still confuse at times the *meum* and the *tuum*, as our great ladies occasionally confuse their husband and his neighbour. But the Kabyle, nevertheless, if Madame will permit me to differ from her on so abstruse a subject, to which she has no doubt devoted no small share of her distinguished consideration—the Kabyle, *mademoiselle*, and he turned once more to Iris, "has still his virtues, distinctively European. He is no nomad, like the Arab; he is fixed, stationary, and open therefore to the first lessons of our higher civilisation. *En un mot, il tient à la maison*. He is industrious, sober, habituated to labour. He is a weaver, a potter, a jeweller, a metal-worker. Our Kabyle accepted, but did not embrace, Islam. He is clothed with it as with a cloak, under which he keeps intact, to this day, his own higher and nobler social habits. He has the idea of the family, the respect for woman. Your sex, *mademoiselle*, retains even now in his hut its proper position. And he has, above all, that noble sentiment of the soul, the love of his country; he is a patriot, a warrior, a worthy son and defender of his fatherland. It was that elevated sentiment alone which induced him, formerly, to make common cause with an Arab chief like Abdel-Kader against the arms of our generals; it was that sentiment which drove him, with ill-judged zeal, into the rebellion of El-Mokrani, in the vain endeavour to shake off the yoke which our countrymen had all too lightly imposed upon him. Our task at present is to attach this high and beautiful sentiment of the soul to France, rather than to Algeria; to give the Kabyle also a share in the glories of the French arms and the French civilisation; to teach him how to merge his feelings as a mere provincial of Africa in the wider consciousness—"

"Great heavens," cried Iris, interrupting his discourse, and clapping both her hands suddenly to her ears, "what was that, Mr. Blake? Just close outside! It was ever so near! Did you hear it? A pistol shot!"

And even as she spoke a wild cry from without burst all at once upon the startled table. "*Jehad! Jehad! Dehavia Kabyle! Bahalal Islam!*" And then once more in French, "*A bas les Français!*"

Monseigneur bounded from his seat like one struck. "A revolt!" he exclaimed aloud, walking over with intrepid calmness to the window. "I spoke too hastily. The Kabyles have risen! They've proclaimed a *Jehad*! They're massacring the garrison!"

(To be continued)



MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN'S "The Lass that Loved a Soldier" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey) suffers, unavoidably no doubt, from having been written originally for a weekly serial publication. In that method of production, well nigh every chapter requires a fresh crisis, and it is very easy for an author to forget, while turning out one instalment, what he has said in another. Despite these faults of hurry, carelessness, and want of complete preliminary construction, Mr. Fenn shows no falling off in his characteristic merits. He throws probability to the winds, with a courage, confidence, and dash which amply justify themselves, and deals with fresh and vigorous incident in a vigorous style. He enters into his incidents and characters with a hearty zest which is catching; and one lays down "The Lass that Loved a Soldier" with a sense of having enjoyed it, and been interested in it without feeling in the least degree called upon to say why.

"Miriam," by Mrs. Musgrave (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), is unquestionably distinguished from the common run of fiction by its strength, unconventionality, originality, and masculine firmness of handling. Agreeable to read, however, it cannot possibly be called. Miriam herself is a study of what should have been a fine nature brought up under every imaginable disadvantage, and not as is laid down by the laws of sentiment rather than of nature, rising above her conditions. Indeed her strength makes her stand out from them only to emphasise and concentrate their evil. The result is necessarily repulsive, and may be regarded as even ultra-pessimistic in its treatment of human beings, as if they were absolutely and entirely the creatures of accidental circumstance. But, although unpleasant reading from this point of view, there is nothing which can be called unhealthy about either the story or its treatment; and it may be cordially commended to readers in search of an entirely new heroine.

A perusal of Sir Julius Vogel's "A.D. 2000; or, Woman's Destiny" (1 vol.: Hutchinson and Co.), may serve to make grumblers better satisfied with A.D. 1889. In no longer than a hundred and eleven years nature will have changed her scheme of the two sexes, giving to women those scientific and inventive qualities in which they have not hitherto shown much excellence, and—apparently as a consequence—a monopoly of legislative and executive offices, while relegating man to complete content in a condition of servitude to which he does not yet show any symptoms of submitting. Oddly enough, the result is such a muddle, aggravated by all the horrors of invention gone crazy, as the world, despite a certain amount of masculine government, has not seen for the last five thousand years. Flying ships and developments of electricity and magnetism may be passed over as the common stock-in-trade of all the prophets of fiction; but when domestic and foreign affairs are liable to be complicated by the rivalry of the Emperor of Britain (whose name in A.D. 2000 will be Albert Edward), of a wicked Lord Reginald Paramatta, and of the head of the secret police for the love of a beautiful and accomplished Home Secretary, even to the point of her forcible abduction and to the precipitation of a foreign war, one is almost tempted to suspect Sir Julius Vogel of indulging in something which he dimly surmises to be fun. The suspicion would, however, wrong him terribly. Sir Julius is as dreadfully earnest in basing his plea for feminine superiority upon all this futile rubbish as in his suggestion that everybody who likes to wear a special uniform, entailing social inferiority, ought to be supported by the State—that inexhaustible milch cow on which people who are weak in their economics are so fond of drawing. By this he expects to abolish idleness. But, unless nature changes in other matters than in that of sex, the badge of comfortable leisure would very speedily be regarded as a sign of good sense, and, in due time, of dignity. And for this reason, some few millions of persons may regret that they are born just a hundred and eleven years too soon.

"The Penance of John Logan, and Two Other Tales," by William Black (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), belong entirely to the author's lighter line of work. There is pathos in the first of the three stories, and it is by no means the less effective for its artistic slowness and simplicity of treatment: indeed its few pages are worth any number of ordinary volumes on the Celtic character. "Romeo and Juliet: A Tale of Two Young Fools," is a little comedy, based on an adaptation of the tragedy of Verona to the world of At Homes and of Five o'Clock Teas; while "A Snow Idyll" carries us once more into that widely different world, near as it is, where all men and women best like Mr. Black to lead them—

we need not say any more "whatever." It is a very dainty and sympathetic little "Idyll" indeed; for once we are unable to pick a quarrel with that sadly-abused word. All three stories may be taken up with the certainty that each may be read as quickly as need be without the remotest fear of encountering sensation, or psychology, or unlikelihood, or eccentricity, or an atom of trouble beyond what is entirely comfortable and entertaining—they are pleasant stories of pleasant people and pleasant things.

The six stories by Count Tolstoi, translated by Nathan Haskell Dole, and published in one volume by Walter Scott, under the title of the first of them, "The Invaders," are not likely to draw much attention. They appeal rather to those who wish to make their collection of their author's writings as complete as possible rather than to the few who go to him for entertainment, or to the increasing number who go to him for instruction as to one of the prophets of this singular age. There is certainly nothing either entertaining or prophetic about these tales, or rather sketches, of character, which require moreover a far greater amount of attention than is warranted by the result, and which is increased by the peculiarities of the "authorised" translator. Readers who care to take the trouble will, however, find themselves rewarded by some fine descriptive passages; and the purely realistic side of war, as given in the first two sketches, will certainly be fresh to persons whose notions of battle are derived from histories, novels, newspapers, or poems.

TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY

IX.—THE GRENAДИER GUARDS

ALTHOUGH from the earliest times the Sovereigns of England have had companies of armed and disciplined followers, whose special duties were to protect the Royal person in peace and war, it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that a corps of Foot Guards was regularly established. During the memorable struggle between King and Parliament, the Earl of Lindsay's regiment of foot held the honourable post of body-guard to Charles I., and fought right faithfully for that ill-fated monarch—notably so at Edgehill, where the veteran Earl received his death-wound when leading his own men into action; and his son, Lord Willoughby, whilst attempting to rescue him, fell into the enemy's hands. But Lindsay's regiment did not survive the Civil War, and there is no traceable connection between it and the household troops of the present day, who may be said to have been founded by Charles II.*

The First Regiment of Foot Guards, now known as the "Grenadier Guards," appears to have originated as follows:—

In the year 1655 Cromwell entered into an alliance with Louis XIV. against Spain; whereupon the exiled Stuarts, Charles and James, quitted the French Court and offered their swords to Philip IV. From amongst the loyal English and Irish who had followed his broken fortunes, Charles raised six regiments for the Spanish King, the first of which he styled the "Royal Regiment of Guards."



OFFICER OF THE FIRST FOOT GUARDS, 1799

From *The Military Magazine* for 1798-99

After a time this corps was disbanded, owing to the inability of Charles to maintain it; but at the Restoration it was re-formed, and accompanied its Royal master to England. Subsequently, the regiment was detailed for garrison duty at Dunkirk, then a possession of the British Crown. Prior to the departure of the "Royal Regiment of Guards" to Dunkirk—in fact, almost immediately after his triumphal return to England—Charles raised another corps, to which he gave the title of the "King's Regiment of Guards." The new regiment consisted of twelve companies of one hundred men each, and Thomas Lord Wentworth was appointed Colonel; his commission bearing date the 26th August, 1660. Lord Wentworth, however, only held the colonelcy a few months, and was succeeded (November 1660) by Colonel John Russell.

In 1662 Charles sold Dunkirk to the French; the "Royal Regiment of Guards" then returned home, and was incorporated with the "King's Regiment of Guards," and the two corps, thus united, became the *First Regiment of Foot Guards*.†

* The "Coldstreams" were General Monk's own regiment; and when, at the Restoration, the greater number of the regiments of the Commonwealth were disbanded, the "Coldstreams" were retained on the establishment and created Guards by Charles II. The Scots' Guards were placed on the English establishment about a year later, the colonelcy being given to the Earl of Linlithgow.

† The Second Regiment of Foot Guards was the "Coldstream," the Duke of Albemarle's (Monk's) Regiment. The Third was Lord Linlithgow's, or the "Scottish Guards." It is to be hoped that at some future date, not remote, a regiment of Irish Guards may be added to the Household Brigade. Her Majesty has no more faithful and gallant soldiers than the Sons of Erin.

The uniform of the First Foot Guards was scarlet, with blue breeches and stockings, and plumed hats. The officers wore corslets—double-gilt for captains, polished steel for lieutenants, silver-plate for ensigns.



GRENAДИER OF THE FIRST FOOT GUARDS, 1814



PIONEER—MARCHING ORDER

The "Merry Monarch's" Guards were worthy progenitors of those of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Very early in their history we find companies of the First Regiment, and of the "Coldstreams" and Linlithgow's fighting the Moors at Tangier, and the Indians in Virginia. For many years, too, detachments of the regiment were employed as Marines on board of His Majesty's ships-of-war, and thus it had a share in all the principal naval engagements of the period; amongst others, in a desperate action in Solebay on the 28th and 29th of May, 1672, when an Anglo-French fleet, under the Duke of York, Lord Sandwich, and Count d'Estrees, was attacked by the Dutch Admirals De Ruyter, Banquert, and Van Ghent, with seventy-five large line-of-battle ships and forty frigates.

About this time, or may be a few years later, Grenadiers were introduced into the English Service; and on April 3rd, 1678, a Grenadier Company was added to the establishment of the First Foot Guards. The Grenadiers were distinguished from their comrades of the battalion-companies by conical cloth caps with the Royal Cipher and Crown in front, and "looped clothes." According to Mr. Grose ("Military Antiquities") they were armed "with firelock, or snaphaunce muskets, slings, swords, daggers, and pouches with grenades; they had also hatchets, with which, after firing and throwing their grenades, they were, on the word of command *Fall on!* to rush upon the enemy."

When in 1685, the Duke of Monmouth endeavoured to assert his claim to the Kingdom *vi et armis*, the First Foot Guards formed part of the Royal forces which, under Lords Feversham and Churchill, routed the insurgents at Sedgemoor. Three years later

James II. again called upon his Guards to support his tottering throne, by sending them to resist the landing of the Prince of Orange; but on this occasion their loyalty was not put to the test, the King's flight terminating all opposition on the part of those who might otherwise have fought for him from a sense of duty, if not of affection.

Under James' successor, his son-in-law, the warlike William of Orange, the Guards made a campaign in Flanders and fought at Steenkirk and Landon, and at the Siege of Namur, where a brigade consisting of two battalions of the First Guards, one of the Coldstreams, one of the Scotch, and one of the Dutch (popularly called the "Blue") Guards was particularly distinguished.

Fourteen companies of the First Guards, under Colonel Withers, accompanied William III. to the Netherlands in 1701, and these companies subsequently served throughout the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns; winning for their regiment the "honours," *Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet*.



PRIVATE—DRILL ORDER

The regiment was also represented at the Battle of Almanza (1707), in the Vigo Expedition (1719), and during the defence of Gibraltar, in 1729.

In the reign of George II., the First Foot Guards saw much active service. The first battalion fought at Dettingen, and suffered severe loss at Fontenoy. It also served in the North during the Rebellion of '45, and when that was suppressed returned to Flanders, and was present at the Battle of Val. During the Seven Years' War the regiment was employed on the French Coast, and also in Germany.

About this period the cloth mitre-shaped cap worn by the

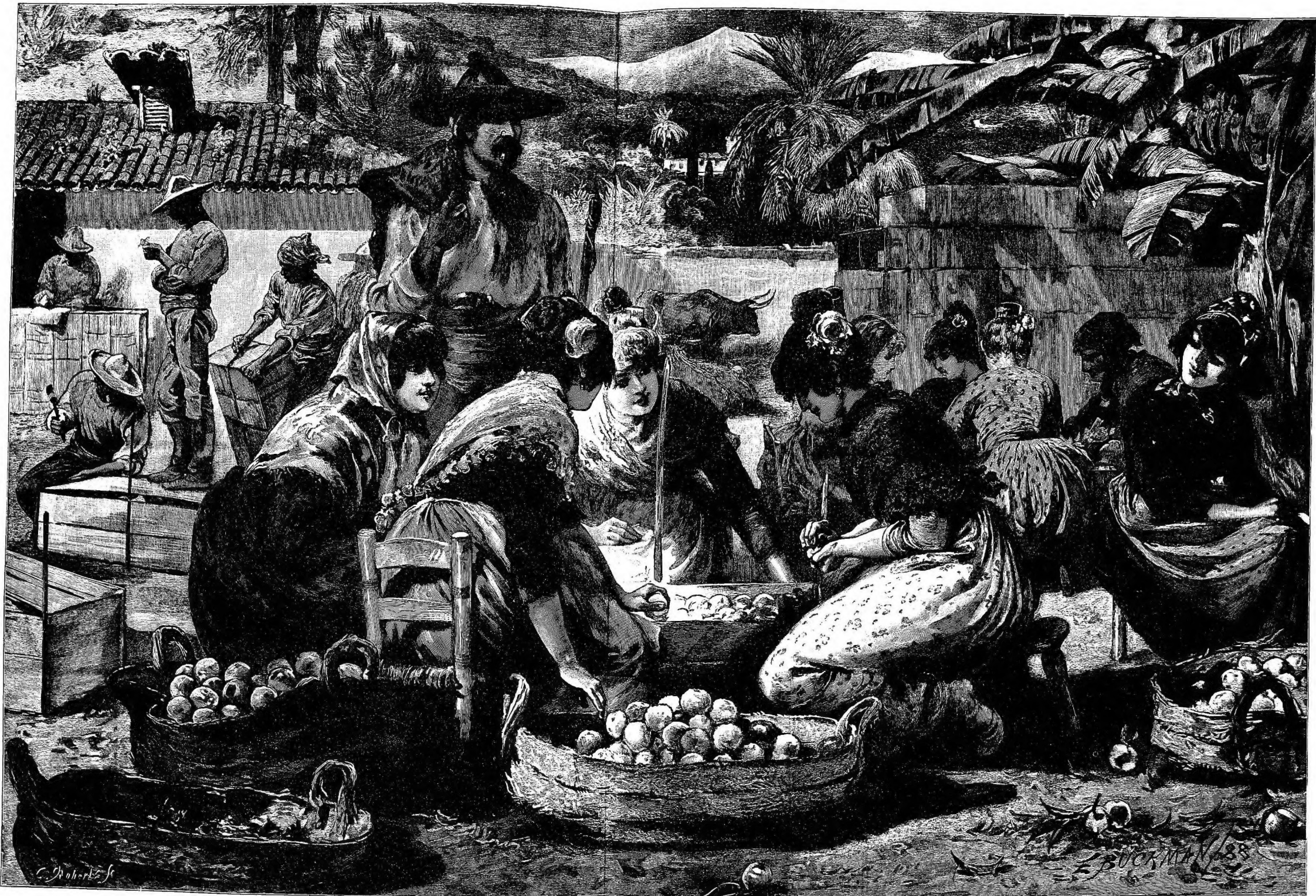


ON SENTRY

Grenadiers of the Foot Guards and Line was replaced by a "Bearskin," ornamented with a brass-plate in front and a *grenade* at the back. Since then a *grenade* has been the distinctive badge of the Grenadier.

Continuing the war services of the First Foot Guards, we have to record that a portion of the regiment served in America during the War of Independence; and that at the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War its First Battalion was one of the first corps to embark for the Continent, and that—brigaded with the first battalions of the Coldstreams and Scotch Guards—it fought with distinction at Famars, at the Siege of Valenciennes, and at Lincelles.

In 1799 the Third Battalion was with the Duke of York in North Holland.



PACKING ORANGES IN ANDALUSIA FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET

The *British Military Journal* of November, '98, gives some interesting particulars concerning "His Majesty's Guards." After a brief account of their origin and services, it observes that:—"The Guards, both as a corps and individually, possess many peculiar honours and privileges. They have precedence of all others; their officers possess a higher rank in the army, and, without expense to themselves, while on guard-duty at St. James's they have a very plentiful and well-supplied table, which is kept for them by the nation, and voted annually in the *extraordinaries*. The King's person, the Royal Family, the Tower, and, in times of danger, the Bank of England, are in a particular manner under their immediate protection."

The journal then gives the establishment of the three regiments at that period, and states that the "First Foot Guards consists of three battalions, and each battalion of two grenadiers, two light infantry, and eight battalion companies. One company is honoured with the appellation of the 'King's Company.'"

Next are mentioned the distinctions in the uniforms of the three Guard corps, which appear to have been that:—"The breastplate of the First is decorated with the Royal Arms, in blue enamel, gold, with silver rays; the gorget, instead of being engraved, bears the Royal arms, raised and chased, in silver; and the officers, while in full dress, wear long white gaiters. The buttons are all different. Those of the First are plain, and put on in the usual way, being the sole regiment in the service with that distinction."

From 1806 to 1814 the three battalions of the regiment were actively employed in Sicily, the Peninsula, and Holland; and *Sorunna*, *Barrosa*, and *Peninsula* were added to its honour roll.

At Quatre Bras and Waterloo the First Foot Guards was represented by its 2nd and 3rd Battalions, which formed the First Guards Brigade under Sir Peregrine Maitland. The two battalions mustered some 2,000 of all ranks, and their collective loss on 16th and 18th June amounted to 181 killed and 853 wounded.



DRUMMER

On the 29th July, 1815, the First Foot Guards became the "1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards," to commemorate its services at Waterloo; and the "bearskin" worn up to that time by the Grenadier companies only, was adopted by the whole regiment.

Since the famous battle of June 18th, the Grenadier Guards have seen much active service. The First Battalion was in Portugal in 1826-7; the Second helped to crush the Canadian outbreaks of 1838-42; and during the Crimean War the Third Battalion nobly sustained the reputation of the regiment, especially at the Alma and Inkerman. Coming down to the present decade of the nineteenth century, we find the Second Battalion serving in the Egyptian Campaign of '82; a "provisional" battalion toiling on the Nile and fighting in the desert during the Khartoum Relief Expedition; and the Third Battalion at Suakim, taking a prominent part in the harassing warfare with the wild tribes of the Soudan.

We need hardly add that in these later events in their regimental history, the Grenadiers have shown the same gallant spirit their predecessors displayed on many a "stricken field," and—like the Grey Mousquetaires, the "Dandies" of the Grand Monarch—have well proved that "noblesse oblige."

J. PERCY GROVES,
"Reserve of Officers," late 27th Inniskillings



We used to be told there is no Royal road to learning; but surely the inventor of that adage never dreamed of such a book as the Jubilee Edition of "Cassell's History of England, Part II." (Cassell). The illustrations are enough to attract the dullest, and the text is as clear and well arranged as that of the "Tales of a Grandfather." We, who used to be thankful for the small mercies of Mrs. Markham, are fairly taken aback by views ranging from Lübeck to St. Andrews, and by illustrations including such out-of-the-way scenes as "The Capture of the Fitzgeralds" and "John Lilburne in the Pillory." It must not be thought, however, that the book teaches wholly through the eyes; on the contrary, some will find fault with the exhaustiveness and wealth of detail of its letterpress. Patient students, however, will have their reward in a picture which for breadth of treatment combined with careful finish has seldom been equalled. There is no parade of learning, but the latest authorities have been consulted; and the graphic way in which little episodes, like Charles's Spanish courtship and Wentworth's defrauding the Irish of the promised "graces," are dealt

with is worthy of Mr. Froude. The space devoted to points usually slurred over, or wholly omitted, in popular histories sets the work on a level of its own; its illustrations cannot fail to make it acceptable to many, its letter-press will make scholars in their own despite of those who at first took it up for amusement. This second part takes us from Cade's rebellion to the death of Strafford—on the whole, the most picturesque period of our history. Throughout, standard writers are freely quoted for facts, but for his conclusions the author is beholden to no one. When completed, the work will be one of which its enterprising publishers may well be proud.

Mr. P. T. Forsyth calls his lectures on "Religion in Art" (Manchester: Heywood; London: Simpkin, Marshall) "lay sermons," his idea being that we need more "expository criticism in Art and in Literature." His *motif* is that "the content of Art, being of the nature of inspiration, must not be limited to the direct and conscious horizon of the artist." As Goethe more tersely puts it, you find what you bring, and hence in Rossetti Mr. Forsyth finds "the religion of natural passion," in Burne Jones that of "preternatural imagination," in Watts that of "supernatural hope," in Holman Hunt that of "spiritual faith," while in Wagner—for he deals also with music—he finds "a splendid pessimism," comparable with the delight which Mr. Ruskin says Turner sometimes took in low colours. There is great freshness of thought in the book, which the writer styles "a residuary product of the late Art collections at Manchester."

"Is One Religion as Good as Another?" (Burns and Oates) addresses itself not to the agnostic, but to the latitudinarian, who, the Rev. J. MacLaughlin believes, is in danger of drifting into total unbelief. On those who believe that "God spoke with the view of revealing something," may be forcibly urged "the unlikelihood of His having revealed nothing definite"—doctrines, for instance, to which men have leave to give any meaning they please. But the plea does not hold against those who are in doubt about God's existence, and who certainly would not grant that "the Scriptures contain the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" (page 207). Within its own limits, however, the book is a forcible eulogy on Catholic oneness, contrasted with the multifarious divisions of Protestantism.

Canon Twells, in "Colloquies on Preaching" (Longmans), not only shows how much the average sermon falls short of what it ought to be, but also pokes a good deal of quiet fun at those who think they could do a hundred times better, if only the pulpit was open to them. The Club conference, where every one has his nostrum, and one wiseacre tells how he "prepared a year's admirable syllabus of scientific and philosophic instruction," which, somehow, the vicar did not see his way to use, is as good as the talk "between two sticks." Between the lines of these mostly facetious colloquies there is much for a young preacher to take heart and act upon.

M. Bing's idea in starting "Artistic Japan" (Sampson Low) was to put before *dilettanti* artists of all kinds, and the general public, specimens of Japanese Art in its purity. The difference between this Art at its highest and in its decline is immense. Yet, from the hap-hazard way in which it was brought before the Western public—not in museums or well-arranged collections, but mixed up anyhow in curio-shops, very few are in a condition to discriminate between the two. Unhappily, Art, for Art's sake, is becoming in Japan a thing of the past. Production is multiplied, and the old themes are vulgarised to meet the demand from Europe. With the help of Japan-loving amateurs like MM. Louis Gonse, Victor Champier, Ph. Burty, R. Marx, W. Anderson, &c., several of whom contribute to this volume essays on Japanese architecture and kindred subjects, M. Bing hopes to make head against the flood of "Brummagem" which threatens to be so destructive. Every number of this monthly magazine contains nine or ten quarto chromos, besides black and white vignettes, and head and tail-pieces, all full of life and character. The subjects are of all kinds, from the tragic history of Forty-seven Rōhins, which some of us remember in Consul Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," to a street-scene and a pattern of seventeenth-century damask. We hope the work, of which Mr. C. Gillot manages the engraving, while Mr. Marcus B. Huish is answerable for the English edition, will be extended to many volumes; it tells more about Japanese life than half-a-dozen treatises.

And yet such a book needs supplementing; else we might come to think of the Japanese as a nation of artists, always working to please the European collector. Professor Rein's "Industries of Japan" (Hodder and Stoughton), give us, with German thoroughness, the serious side of Japanese life. This work, the result of many years' study, is the completion of what, in its English form, was published five years ago as "Rein's Japan: Travels and Researches." Professor Rein's thoroughness may be judged from the way he treats of agriculture—discussing the land-tenure; the taxation; the Government attempts at improvement; the soils, rich in clay, deficient in lime, &c. He sees what all careful unprejudiced observers have recognised, the folly of many of the Government fads—"due to incompetent advisers, marked by a jumping about from one plan to another, an irresponsible waste of money on one side, and miserable result on the other." In agriculture this is specially notable. Instead of turning its attention to Yezo, or to the vast swamps and forests of the other islands, Government has harassed the cultivator, already hard-pressed, with wholly unsuitable regulations imported from Europe or from the United States. The too sudden opening of Japan to Western influences has proved anything but an unmixed blessing. Westerners have profited by it, from the swindlers who began by tricking the Japanese out of their gold, to the latest projector who manages to get his scheme adopted; but the native has suffered. The Chinese way of self-development and slow assimilation of new ideas is far the healthier. What point Japan had reached in arts, industries, trade, and how she now stands in these respects, is all fully set forth in Professor Rein's exhaustive volume; the forty-four illustrations of which are quite on a level with those in M. Bing's magazine.

As exhaustive in its way as Professor Rein's book is Mr. J. Bickerdyke's "Book of the All-Round Angler" (Upcott Gill). With over a hundred and eighty engravings, an introduction by "Red Spinner" (Mr. W. Senior), and notices of every kind of fish caught in our rivers or off our coasts, the book meets a want. The remarks and illustrations on tackling, &c., are most practical. The notes on "fish" (such as the flounder and the lamprey, once in such great request) "not generally caught by fresh-water anglers," are curious. Mr. Bickerdyke divides his work into coarse fish, pike (whose quality depends partly on the water, very good in the big Irish lakes), game-fish, and sea-fish. The book is quite one of the best of Messrs. Gill's "Practical Handbooks."

Our appetite for State slanders is certainly not abnormal; yet we much regret the Bowdlerising of "The Memoirs of Sophia, Electress of Hanover" (Bentley). Of books of this kind the chief value is the faithful picture they give of life and manners; and it is too bad to make the life insipid and to tone down the manners because some things would be "distasteful to our modern ideas." The Electress's MS. has disappeared. Leibnitz's transcript was discovered by Pertz in the Hanover Archives. Leibnitz's praise of the style—he finds Longinus's sublimity in it!—is quoted in the introduction. This copy has been published with notes by Dr. A. Köcher; and from it the translator has taken the work before us. It will be news to some that at the Hague the Electress was talked of as a wife for the Prince of Wales (Charles II.), and that the Princess of Orange who meant the Prince for one of her own daughters tried to compromise the Electress by getting her married son to show her too much attention.

"The Banquet (*il Convito*) of Dante" (Kegan Paul) is for the mass of readers a name, if it is even so much. They know, it may be, some little about the "Divine Comedy;" of the "Vita Nuova" (Dante's earliest work) their knowledge is even more shadowy than is most Englishmen's of "Paradise Regained." Of the "Convito," lying midway between the two, they know absolutely nothing. In her introduction Miss K. Hillard, a thorough Dante scholar, discusses "the nature of Beatrice—allegory or real woman;" "the design of the book—"studies for the larger canvas of the Commedia, prose which afterwards develops into poetry," &c. The work gives us Dante's theories on most of the subjects with which, just before the dawn of the Renaissance, men's minds were deeply occupied; and it is invaluable to the right understanding of the Commedia, because it often "explains the allegories and amplifies the ideas which are so hard to understand in the finished terseness of the poem." The translation, admirably done, has evidently been a labour of love.



MISCELLANEOUS.—There is originality in "The Squirrel's Kingdom," written and composed by Dolla Carlton and Nicola Coviello.—Very easy and tuneful is "The Boobach Polka," by Gabriel Grönewald (The London Music Publishing Company).—A song which has already made a good impression, and is not likely to be put aside and forgotten, is "Life In the Life-Boat." The spirited words are by Henry K. Jackson, the stirring music by Bertram L. Selby (William Reeves).—"Two Easy Pieces," for small hands, by Charles A. Trew, will very soon be learnt by little folks.—"Chant du Soir," for violin and pianoforte, by J. Jaques Haakman, is a graceful composition (Charles Woolhouse).—The title of "Gondelied" is suggestive of dreamy enjoyment; a piece for the pianoforte, by Catherine Heaton, bearing that title, is one of the most pleasing and successful of her compositions (R. Cocks and Co.).—"Deux Morceaux" for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment by Arnold Dolmetsch, are well worthy the notice of good violinists (Messrs. Schott and Co.).—Somewhat difficult, but clever, is, "Song of the Brook," a sketch for the pianoforte by J. Cliffe Forrester. "The Armada Waltz," by Victor Stevens, has already made its mark at Drury Lane; a capital likeness of Augustus Harris adds to the attraction of this waltz (Charles Woolhouse). That hitherto unpretentious instrument, the concertina, has risen to importance; "New Method of Instructions for the New Chromatic Duet English Concertina" has just been brought out by J. H. Maccann, it will prove a veritable boon to students of this now really pleasing instrument. We have here separate diagrams of key-boards and instructions for proper fingering, so arranged that, without a knowledge of music, the instrument can be easily mastered, suitable for 39, 46 or 56-keyed instruments. The lessons are progressive; there is a good selection of well-known sacred and secular music at the end of the book (Messrs. Lachenal and Co.).—Of a more modest and less expensive type is "The Concertinist Guide," which, on a small scale, contains much useful information as to how to play correctly, with or without a tutor, by Professor Maccann (Messrs. Howard and Co.).—Book III. of Tench White's "Organ, Harmonium, and American Organ Library" contains twelve brief and neatly-written pieces, sacred and secular, by T. White (T. J. White, Canterbury).—No. 150 of "Compositions for the Orchestra" contains Haydn's Symphony, No. 7 (Salomon's Set).—A remarkably mild little arrangement for the pianoforte of the "March from *Norma*," Bellini, by S. V. Balfour, has the one merit of being brief (Messrs. Rivière and Hawkes).—"Three Brilliant Violin Duets on Scottish and Irish Airs," by a professional player, will find favour with all amateurs. The author observes:—"The music capable of being produced by two violins is delightfully pure and sweet, and less distressing to the untrained ear than much of that having a pianoforte accompaniment." No doubt there is much truth in this assertion; these pleasing duets go far to prove the fact (Messrs. E. Köhler and Son, Edinburgh).—"Danse Ancienne," for the pianoforte, by Harris Alleyne, is a quaint and taking *morceau*. By the above-named composer is a fairly good waltz, "Song of the Sea Shells" (The London Music Publishing Company).—Two waltzes, of a somewhat ordinary type, which will take their turn in the ball-room, if but for a short time, are "Dream of Delight," by Sybil Palliser (G. White), and "Reveries Waltz," by Edwin J. Pounds (Henry Tolkien).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

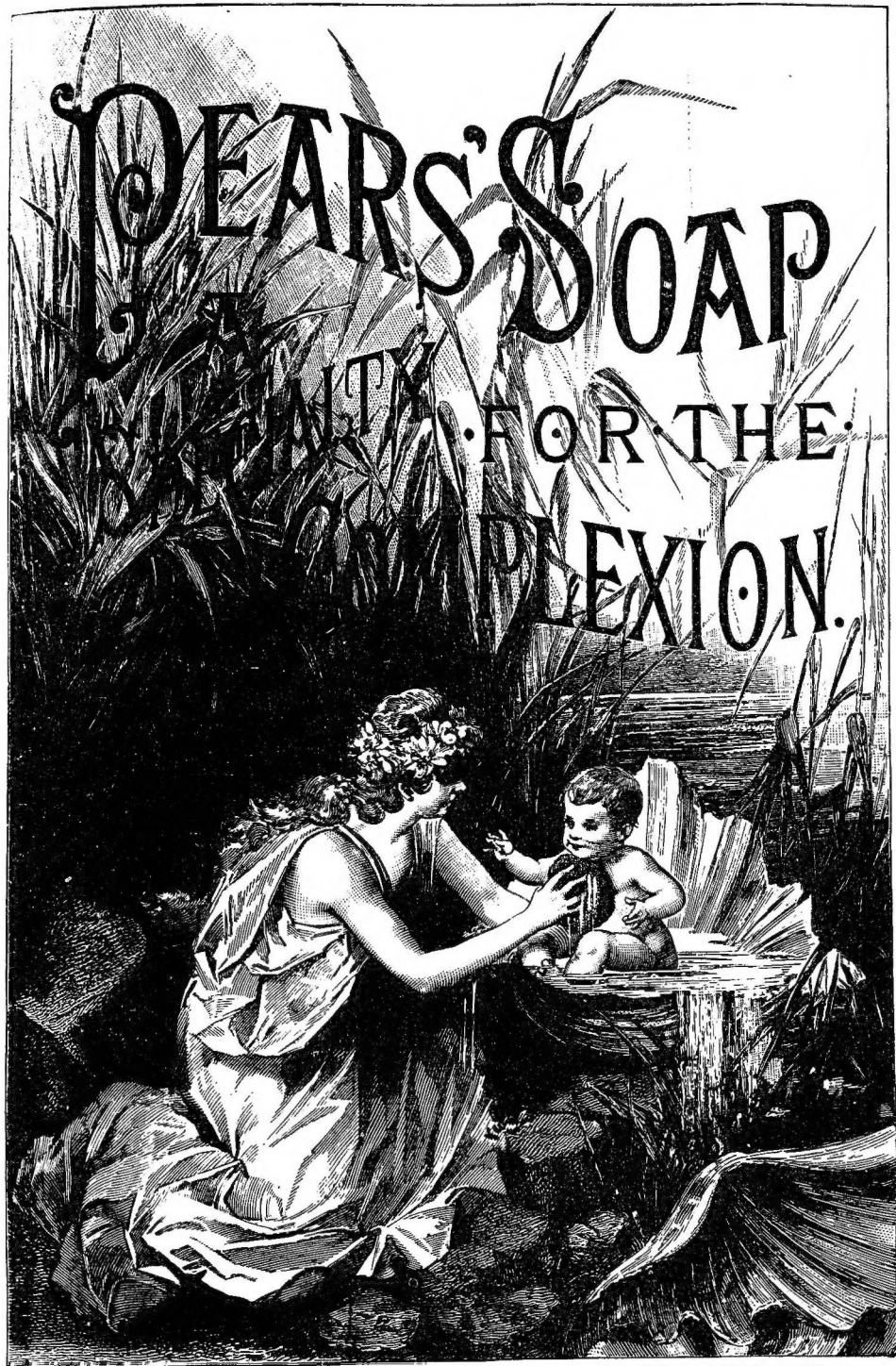
MR. EDGAR HEWITT has gone into very remote times for the materials of a tragi-comedy in "Cephren, King of Egypt" (Wyman and Sons). The play is much more interesting than many modern works of the sort, and its regulation five acts can be read through without too serious effort. Lysander, a penniless young Greek, follows his sweetheart Irene, with her miser father Lyxes, to Egypt, where the tyrant King Cephren falls in love with the lady. The humours of Smile and Bound are quite Shakespearian, indeed Mr. Hewitt has evidently, and not altogether without success, imitated the master in allowing humour and sad thought to tread close on each other's heels. The language is plain, unstilted modern English, and free from affectation; and altogether, if this is a maiden effort of the author's it is an entirely praiseworthy one.

Miss Lilith Ellis has written a small volume of slight, graceful, and often very prettily conceived love-lyrics entitled "Life Echoes" (Thomas Murby). They are, perhaps, a trifle unconventional in tone and suggestion, but that seems to be unavoidable when young enthusiasm seeks for itself expression in amorous verse. Miss Ellis should not want sympathetic admirers, and it will be seen from the following, in "An Episode in the Life of an Actress" that she is light and fluent in her versification:—

But there you stood, and you smiled at me,
And I took your outstretched hand,
I knew it was wrong, but I do not see,
And never shall understand,
Why a thing so simple should not be right
Or a social fetter loosed,
When people meet on an August night,
Who have never been introduced.

Mr. Belgrave Titmarsh makes merry over the pedantry of certain Shakespearian critics in "Shakespeare's Skull and Falstaff's Nose, a Fancy in Three Acts" (Elliot Stock). It is to be hoped, however, that it is only sarcasm somewhat obscure, and not the desire to make the lines scan, which induces Mr. Titmarsh to write "fearful" and "hour." If the poem is a little spun out there is humour in it, and the author has caught the spirit of the affectation of some literary nobodies. The prose essay on Falstaff's nose read to a Shakespearian Society is scarcely an exaggeration of a few current pomposities, and is amusingly conceived.

The eighth number of "Popular Poets of the Period" (Griffith, Farran, and Co.), edited by Mr. F. A. H. Eyles, includes notices of, and extracts from, Matthew Arnold, the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, Miss Christina G. Rossetti, Mr. Malcolm Doherty, and Mr. George Francis Armstrong.



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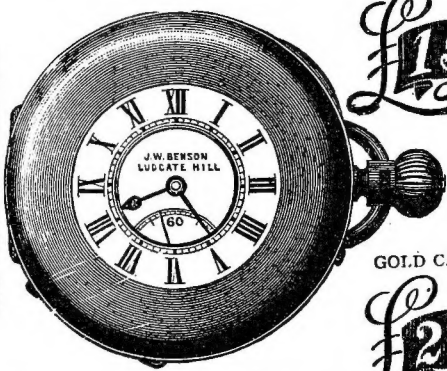
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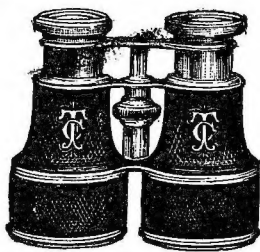
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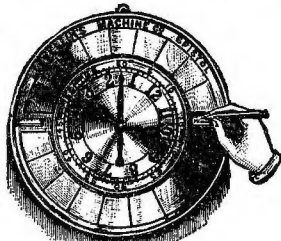
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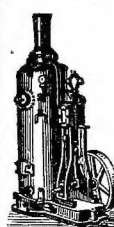
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